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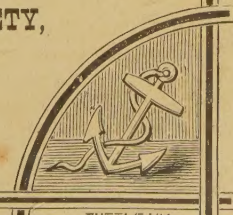
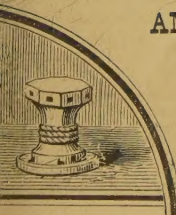
THE
Sailors' Magazine,



AND
SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,
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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.

THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND, a monthly pamphlet of thirty-two pages, will contain the proceedings of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and its Branches and Auxiliaries, with notices of the labors of local independent Societies, in behalf of Seamen. It will aim to present a general view of the history, nature, progress and wants of the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, commending it earnestly to the sympathies, the prayers and the benefactions of all Christian people.

It is designed also to furnish interesting reading matter for Seamen, especially such as will tend to their spiritual edification. Important notices to Mariners, memoranda of disasters, deaths, &c., will be given. It will contain correspondence and articles from our Foreign Chaplains, and of Chaplains and friends of the cause at home. No field at this time presents more ample material for an interesting periodical. To single subscribers \$1 a year, invariably in advance. It will be furnished Life Directors and Life Members gratuitously, upon an annual request for the same.

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Is also issued as an eight page monthly tract adapted to Seamen, and gratuitously distributed among them. It is furnished Auxiliary Societies for this use, at the rate of one dollar per hundred.

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THE SAILORS' MAGAZINE AND SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



Vol. 47.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 2.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

RUM AFLOAT.

BY C. J. J., SAILOR CHAPLAIN.

CHAPTER I.

"God help our suffering race,
Strong drink's dark curse t' efface
From the whole earth."

Twenty-five years ago every-body drank. The abstainer was the exception, the tippler the rule.

High and low, rich and poor, old and young, the artist and artisan, the merchant and his clerks, the minister and his people,—all—all, almost without an exception, considered it polite to offer intoxicating drinks to their friends and guests, by the way, and under the name of refreshments. Nor was this custom confined to the shore, the limits of the land were too contracted, and rum,* if personified, might well sing, (a word of the original only being changed.)

"No pent up Utica contracts our powers;
The whole unbounded universe is ours."

Under this usurpation of prerogative, rum launched out upon the deep, and assumed a position afloat.

* I mean the word Rum here as a generic term for all intoxicating drinks.

The heaving, stormy, boisterous main became rum's domain, on which he held high carnival, that knew no succeeding lent, save as poor Jack with empty purse, and aching head, sat on the stool of repentance the first night out, on the deck of the outward-bound. But even here appetite had little rest. There was rum forward and rum aft, rum in the locker and rum in the chest, rum in the hold and rum on deck, rum in men-of-war, and rum in merchant-men, rum in the gun-room and rum on the berth-deck, rum was served out as a ration to the crew, and drunk at the tub, as in the American navy, or carried in the "monkey" to the mess, as in the British man-of-war. Rum was drunk by the men at intervals, as it was dispensed to them by authority, and by the officers *ad libitum*, in toddies and punches, or

stiff and raw, as each one's taste might dictate. The superior drank rum in the morning watch to give energy and strength for the labors of the day. The subordinate stole below for the same reason, and refreshed himself with his morning dram. In short, rum was a staple commodity in the ship; the officers called for it in the morning watch to tone up the system for the labors of the day; "a second mate's nip," four fingers, was the necessary inspiration at luncheon. Rum was demanded as an appetizer *before* dinner, graced the table at dinner, and was required to aid digestion *after* dinner. Rum was called for at the change of the watch to assist the officer going on deck to stave off the cold or to keep him awake, and rum for the officer relieved to give slumber to his eyelids in his watch below. Rum was served out to the men forenoon and afternoon, in the place of coffee and tea, the ship finding the rum and the sailor his own "small stores." In heavy weather at sea, reefing top-sails, or taking in sail. The sailor was disappointed and the captain deemed a stingy fellow if the hands were not invited to "splice the main-brace." And when discharging and taking in cargo or pitching ballast the officers were niggardly or the ship mean that did not give five or six "tots" a day. As a necessary consequence, aft

"The devil Drunkenness
Gave place to the devil Wrath."

or produced the petty tyrant of the quarter-deck, and operating in like manner in the other end of her, begat the mutineer of the fore-castle.

It was believed in those days that men could not do their duty without it, that the ship could scarce swing round or get under way without the indispensable dram.

To this end the captain had his spirit-locker in the cabin, the mate his demijohn in his room, and the sailor, forward, his "bull" in his chest or bag. The very legends of the sea were tainted with rum. If a yarn was spun under the lee of the long-boat, in the mid-watch, ten to one but some beautiful princess was delivered from an ogre of a giant, a jolly Jack was the hero, and a fairy rewarded his bravery by giving him three wishes. To which Jack responded: first, "All the rum in the world," second, "All the tobacco in the world," and finally, "A little more rum." In the nautical mythology, as every sailor knows, to the Russian Finn was accredited the power of boring the ship's bitts for a supply of rum: though, if the truth be told, I never knew of any one getting drunk from that source of supply.

The thirst that this custom engendered among boys and pandered to among the men, while at sea, must be gratified, without stint, on reaching the shore.

The first motive of the sailor on going on liberty was to gratify that propensity. The first movement on touching terra-firma was to make a bee-line for the arrack-godown, the pulperia, or the rum-shop, and the liberty begun in drunkenness, ran into debauch, and generally terminated in wounds and bruises, and in loss of money and clothes. As a result, the men found themselves either on board their own vessel stupefied and unfit for duty, often suffering from the horrors of mania á potu, or incarcerated in the city jail or calaboose, where they were released by the payment of a fine for drunkenness, which the captain paid out of their wages; or they were detained until the ship was ready for sea.

Experiences like these, however, seldom brought with them the wisdom which is profitable to direct. The poor sailor who, if he had taken care of his hard-earned wages, might have spent his declining years in quiet retirement and freedom from want, too often became the victim of his own recklessness and lust, and either came to an untimely end as the result of his passion, or, if his life was prolonged, became an object of charity, and dragged out the fag-end of his existence in the poor-house or in some charitable institution, dependent on tyrannical officers and unfeeling servants, until his profitless voyage of life was brought to a close, and he dropped into the grave. Alas ! that such things should have ever been. Aye, alas ! that such things now are. The sin and folly is not altogether a thing of the past. Some, at this writing, who have walked the quarter-deck of some of our finest merchantmen, as mates, as captains, and as part-owners, are dependent on the benevolence of others, and who but for this vice, either in themselves or in others, with its accompanying train of evils would now be enjoying a competence, if not living in luxurious ease and independence in their own homes. To this class of men, the most valuable on earth, society owes an immense debt of gratitude, which years of benevolent effort will not repay. Let the readers of the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE, not forget that in the faithful performance of their duty, they cannot escape the charge of partiality and respect of persons, unless they make some effort to deliver them from the tyranny of rum at sea, whether in the cabin or in the fore-castle.

That the reader may have some adequate conception of the ravages of the Rum-fiend at sea, and of the subterfuges to which men resort,

and the sacrifices they are willing to make for the sake of possessing themselves of the fiery fluid, I will, in the next chapter, ask the liberty of introducing to him, that nautical nondescript, yeilded the "Sailor's Bull."

CHAPTER II.

"Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit
Odorem testa diu."

HORACE.

"The odor of the wine, that first shall stain,
The virgin vessel it shall long retain."

SMART'S TRANS.

A Sailor's Bull! Yes, dear, gentle reader, a sailor's bull. But do not, I beg you, associate with this monosyllabic term that noble animal, with strength of muscle and beauty of mold, which, from the pastures of Garama, is brought to the Plaza de Toros, to grace (or rather, to disgrace) the Spanish arena, at once the sport of the cruel banderillos, the charm and admiration of the dark-eyed Andalusian maidens, and the delight of the populace whose revolutionary cry is still "*Pan y toros*"—Bread and bulls. Neither let your suggestive faculty bring before your mind that less esteemed though not less noble individual of the *genus taurus*—that bovine quadruped of the farm, whose traditionary amusement consists in chasing terrified dames in red garments from his own ancestral fields ; nor that other animal of the biped "persuasion," who perambulates the thoroughfares in the vicinity of Wall Street, in pursuit of some luckless "bear," that he may hope to toss into a "corner;" nor do I mean, either, that incongruous affair of Milesian origin called by that name ; nor get that literary prodigy, armed with ecclesiastical thunders, born of the Vatican and issuing thence, breathing fire and slaughter to the terror

of all presumptuous heretics, and hurling itself mendaciously and pugnaciously against stray comets. In short, it is not the Pope's bull, it is not a financial bull, nor an Irish bull, nor yet a domestic bull, but a real nautical bull that I would introduce to you.

The sailor's bull is not, like its namesake of the barnyard, bicornus or two-horned; but has more horns usually than that ten-horned nondescript which Daniel saw, and is, moreover, a much more dangerous beast. The number of horns this bull has, or, in other words, the power it has to do mischief, is that which, in the eye of the sailor, enhances both its intrinsic and its commercial value; for you must know that at sea, strange as it may appear, and far as it is from the "Bull's Head," bulls are both bought and sold. But let me define.

The term bull, then, does not always denote one and the same thing. The two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family—England and America—who have divided the dominion of the sea between them, as did the two branches of the Pelasgic family—Tyre and Carthage—in the pre-Christian ages, and as the Portuguese and Spanish sailors did at a later date, have also divided this weighty matter, by mutual consent, doubtless, and have each defined this *nomen praeclarum* differently; so that the bull of the John Bull is one thing, the bull of the Brother Jonathan is entirely another thing. They differ not so much in nature, however, as they do in form. As to their nature, both are murderously inclined—as the writer knows by sad experience, both are destructive alike of good neighborhood, good health, good company, and good discipline. Both are promoters of the worst passions of the race. Both are

prolific of strife, of peril, and of blood. As to their form they materially differ. The bull of the English sailor, the true nautical John Bull—especially in the naval service—is rotund, oblong and capacious, large of girth and short of stature, somewhat after the pattern of his own short-horned Durhams. Before this "bull" can be made available to its possessor, ("milked" is the nautical term) a process of depletion must take place, which, while it reduces the contents of the bull to a cipher in the accounts of the purser's steward, makes it really valuable to the jolly Jack Tar who is so fortunate as to possess himself of the coveted treasure. For it is only after it is thus depleted or emptied, that it can become available to the dairy-men of the berth-deck.

But I fancy the reader becoming impatient, and asking, what is this bull? Why do you not tell us what it is, and what it does? Be calm, my friend, that is the very thing I am now about to do. Let me say, however, just here, *imprimis*, as the authors say, that sailors, all sailors, that is, of the old school, though skeptical on some points that are held to be essential, are nevertheless firm believers in the notion of the old Roman poet, Horace, which, like the fly in the amber, has been preserved to us in his epistles, and which I have placed at the head of this article by way of a text. Translated into the vernacular, it reads thus. "The puncheon will retain for a long time the flavor of the rum with which it was originally filled." I think this is quite as literal, if not as euphonious, as the version of Smart. But if the reader is fastidious, he may find the *toga virilis* of the old Roman exchanged for the flowing garb of modern poetry in Moore's chaste and beautiful

lines which will be doubtless more to his taste :

" You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The sailors believe this firmly, as the legend will show. But, to drop all similitudes and metaphors, let me attempt to describe. This bull, then, comes forth at one end of the vessel, and by stolen marches reaches into the other end of her. Born among the officers, it gives forth its life among the sailors. There are three stages in the process by which it attains to its maturity. Like a modern sermon, it has its firstly, secondly, thirdly and a conclusion; and "thereby hangs a tale"—too often it ends with the tail of the cat, or rather with the tails of the cat, for our cat hath nine tails: or it is like a play in three acts, and a grand finale, in which all the actors appear on the boards at once. These stages or steps in the process are essential in order that the bull may *be*—may become an *ens existens*—a real entity. These I will designate as :

The rape of the bull, or the capture.

The exclusion of the bull, or the preparation of the nautical nectar, which requires some time in order that it may undergo certain chemical changes. This may be termed the stage of cubation:

And the death of the bull, or the yielding of its juicy secretions, in the giving up of which, like the fabled bird, it gives up its vitality and becomes defunct.

1. The rape of the bull, or the capture. This is the first step in the order of time, and is of the first importance. It is indeed the *sine qua non* of bull-making.

First, says a celebrated cook in giving directions to dress a hare, *catch your hare*. Our first point is, then, capture the bull. For this, strategem is necessary, and counsel, and sometimes a combination of genius and skill that makes it the most difficult of accomplishment, and which, if exercised in some field of legitimate enterprise, would render the perpetrator famous, or *in-famous*, as the case may be. But failure in the effort, in this arduous undertaking, involves more than the mere *poena damni*, or punishment of loss, as theologians call it, and in addition, a *poena sensus*, or punishment of sense, or an infliction of sensible pain, of which the victim is likely to have a feeling recollection; for in a British man-of-war they do as the Spartans are reported to have done—they punish a man not so much for stealing, as for being found out. But this—the capture—successfully accomplished, and suspicion and search eluded, the rest is comparatively easy.

In H. B. M. S.—or, to speak less enigmatically, in Her Britanic Majesty's service—the rum, or, to use the more refined term, the "spirit" is stowed in the after hold; and as the staple is needed—to make the three-watered grog, which has been served out to the seamen of the British navy twice a day, ever since the introduction of the tea ration, which the sailors call "Phillimore's Cordial," after the name of the gentleman who secured the reduction of one-half of the rum ration, and induced the government to give a ration of tea instead—a cask or puncheon is brought into the square of the after-hatch, where it remains until it is expended, and another takes its place. Sometimes there is an accumulation of these empty vessels, and it becomes necessary to

procure some full ones from the crypts of the "run" to take their place. In that event it is soon known, published perhaps by the captain of the after-hold, among the crew, that the watch below will be required to "break out spirits" this afternoon. As soon as this information is communicated, the wit of the men is taxed to get possession of one of these empty casks. To do this, the proper time having come, and the arrangements having been duly made for its reception, the men of the watch below gather in numbers around the purser's steward—the master's mate having been by some device allured into the hold, or beneath the hatches for a moment, to engage his attention, and that of any other official who may be at hand, while others are dexterously engaged in carrying off the spoil, in other words, the incipient bull. Thus the first step is gained. But to prevent discovery and subsequent recapture, it is necessary that Mr. Bull be disposed of in such a way that the keen and piercing eye of the master-at-

arms or the ship's corporal—the police of the ship—may not discover it. This is no easy task. But as the old adage has it, "Where there is a will there is a way." To secure the bull, then, and to place it where due time may be given to it for the secretion of the precious fluid on which the bibulous *nautæ* are to regail themselves, it becomes necessary to make friends with the ship's cook, or the cook of one of the officer's messes, and by his assistance the bull is snugly stowed away in the coal-hole: or if that resource fail, the captain of the fore-hold, for a consideration, may be induced to conceal it in the heart of a cable, or under a pile of tarpaulins, until the period of gestation is accomplished. Leaving the bull in embryo in this secure retreat. I will ask the reader to await the issue of the next number of THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE, when a little more light may be let in on the transactions of some who chew tobacco, drink rum, and live in the fore-castle.

From the Presbyterian.

THE BIBLE BY THE SEA.

Standing in the brightness of these July days upon the gleaming beach, and watching the white rage of the breakers as they heave themselves in awful thunder upon the shore, thought after thought arises within us connecting this wondrous handiwork of God with his spoken Word. And it is not strange that it should be so. Nature and Revelation are the two voices by which God reveals himself to our mortal *ken*, and between them exists an inevitable harmony, which we must needs recognize with a thrill of awe as of delight.

From the first page of the Bible, in which earth's history begins, beneath the enveloping canopy of waters, down to the mystic utterances of the apocalyptic vision, when in the vista of the completed future John beheld—"and there was no more sea"—all through the intervening ages we catch ever recurring glimpses of the mighty ocean, and hear the deep cadence of its billows.

"The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." This is the record of earth's natal day. The ocean, the great heart of the

material universe, whose mighty throbs pulsate throughout creation, felt the brooding influence of the Spirit, and obedient to the voice of God, brought forth life from its troubled depths, and so the analogy with man's existence begins. Begins—but does not end. Down through the ages of Revelation, we still walk beside the waters, tracing in God's mightiest earthly work a mysterious sympathy with man's spiritual history.

A little while, and the earth had lost its baptismal purity, and darkness, a moral darkness, again shrouded its face. Then, at the Word of God, the ocean again awoke, and flashing out in its wrath, swept its enveloping waters over the defiled earth; and again, under a new and fearful baptism, she awoke to a new birth. And as the years went on, and God led forth his chosen, a tumultuous, frightened throng, from degradation and bondage, and again the sympathetic sea took part in his redemption. At the word of command, the waves divided, and the wandering host beheld the surging tide of waters stand back, obedient to the voice of Him who was *their* guide. Surely there must have been some among the multitudes with hearts wise enough to comprehend something of the mighty truth thus symbolized; yet to the great throng we know that the language of Nature's faith was unintelligible, for on the farther shore they murmured and trembled beside the scanty springs of the desert. Time would fail to trace, throughout the Scripture history, this subtle sympathy of the ocean's heart with the mighty crisis of our human life. One there was, a poet who could lay his ear close to the heart of nature and feel its throbbings, a prophet who could, in

listening awe, catch the utterances of the unseen, who well understood the ocean-language; hear what he said, "*The voice of the Lord is upon the water. The glory of the Lord thundereth. The Lord is upon the great waters; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The Lord sitteth upon the floods; yea, the Lord sitteth King forever.*" All through the psalms of of Israel's kingly poet it runs, that wondrous melody of the waters, solemn, yet rapturous, combining the thunder of the billow with the exulting clashing of the spray.

"The floods have lifted up, O Lord; the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters. Yea, than the mighty waves of the sea." And as we read we know that sometimes in his eventful life, whether as a shepherd-boy from the Judean hills, a mail-clad warrior from the battle-fields, or a crowned king, from amidst the rising glories of Jerusalem, he had listened awe-struck to the chanting of the waters, wandering as we do now, along the stretch of shining shore. Once he wrote, in an exultant burst of melody:

"O that men would praise the Lord
For his goodness, and for his wonderful works!
They that go down to the sea in ships—
That do business in the great waters,
These see the works of the Lord,
And his wonders in the deep—
For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy
Which lifteth up the waves thereof; [wind,
They mount up to heaven,
They go down again into the depths.
Men's souls are melted because of trouble,
Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distress.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still;
Then they are glad, because they are quiet,
And he bringeth them unto their desired haven.
O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness, and his wonderful works
To the children of men!"

Could it be, that in prophetic vision looking down the ages, David saw the hope of his royal

line fulfilled in One who, while the billows raged around him, lay asleep upon a pillow in a fishing boat, rocked by the Galilean waters? Did he recognize the majesty of the King of heaven and earth in him, who in a peasant's garb, rested wearily among those men who "did business in the great waters?" They indeed "saw the works of the Lord, and his wonders upon the deep," for their cry of distress needed not to pierce heaven, but only to reach the ear of him who lay asleep in "the hindermost part of the ship; for he arose and rebuked the wind, and the raging of the waters, and they ceased, and there was a great calm." Again, as in ages past, the obedient ocean heard, and acknowledged the voice of God, and was stilled beneath his word. "So they were glad, because they were quiet, and he bringeth them to their desired haven." "O that men would praise the Lord, for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men." Again and again in those brief years, when the earth's Creator, humbling himself to be born of woman, walked its unconscious surface, the awe-struck sea acknowledged his presence and his power, and gave testimony to the majesty of Him who walked humbly by its shore. To the devout reader of the New Testament, the murmur of the sea, in its ebb and flow, is full of solemn and tender association with Him who so often spake beside its gleaming waves, and sailed upon its bosom. We read of the faith which removes mountains, but with vague incredulity we pass it by, for the mountains stand firm that they cannot be moved, yet we know and have believed, that the yielding, ever palpitating sea, grew firm one dark night, when its raging billows were highest, beneath the tremb-

ling, yet trusting steps of Him who essayed in faith to come unto his Lord. And we read, too, with a deepening of our awe and mystery, how the sea, that had been subdued beneath that faith when it endured, lifted up its waves again, indignantly, to engulf that same man, when, in despite of his Master's words, fear seized his craven heart, and he needed the grasp of the Almighty hand to uphold him in his danger and distress.

One scene there is, dearer than all beside, of those which connect the sea with its incarnate Lord; it is that of the house where, in the dim light of early morning, the risen One awaited his disciples upon the shore, beside the fire of coals which his own hands had made, and in that last interview, and that tender care, identified forever the love of the Master henceforth invisible, with that of the Galilean Jesus whom they had known and followed, only vaguely conscious of his greatness. There was an infinity of revelation in the knowledge of Christ in the circumstances of that interview by the sea, and, like all the Bible teachings of Nature, it behooves us to ponder over it in reverence and prayerful awe until it unfolds its mysteries unto us.

And yet the Bible history of the sea is not ended. Again and again, in the mystic and symbolic language of the Apocalypse, the sea appears, with its mighty host of unburied dead, until at last, in the judgment day, it delivers them up; and with the passing of the old heavens and earth, it too passes away, and in the brief words of inspiration its epitaph is written—"And there was no more sea." The earth, with her myriad forms of life, is dumb and dead forever; the pulsations of her mighty heart, the ever-throbbing ocean, are also

silent; for her there was no immortality, but for man, in whom God had breathed at his birth the breath of life, is a new heaven, and a new earth, and a citizenship in that Jerusalem above, wherein is the river of life, hard by the throne of God! And so, standing by the thundering, surging, heaving waters, we learn by the voice of Revelation, so much more enduring than Nature's voice, that there is that within our feeble frames mightier than the power of these living, resistless waters, and

which shall abide when the sea shall vanish away forever. And we dimly see a fitness in it all, for is not the sea, with its restless, troubled waters, an emblem of human life, with its changes, its turmoil, and its endless seekings, ever baffled, after that which shall endure; but above, in the eternal calm of God's presence, the redeemed shall stand upon *a sea of glass*, the restlessness forever stilled in the sight of Him whose voice is as the "*sound of many waters.*"

C. B.

REPORT OF THE U. S. SHIPPING COMMISSIONER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 1ST, 1875.

To the Honorable Circuit Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York:

The following annual report for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1874, is respectfully submitted.

The third year of the existence of the "Shipping Act of 1872" has been marked for the quiet, unobstructed and evidently satisfactory manner of its administration at this port. With the exception of the organization of sailors' boarding house keepers—from whom opposition may, and ought to be, expected so long as the law is faithfully administered—no opposition nor obstruction has been encountered during the year.

The great depression that has prevailed with the shipping interests of the country during the year, has thrown thousands of seamen out of employment. Wages for seamen in the merchant service have consequently been materially reduced. Such reduced wages, however, have been gladly accepted; but while seamen who have been fortunate enough to find employment have gone to sea well satisfied, the large number of the unemployed left on shore, have

been easily led by their landlords and other designing men to believe the Shipping Law responsible for all their misfortunes, and have willingly joined in meetings, processions and memorials denouncing it.

By the decision of the U. S. Circuit Court for the Eastern District of New York, rendered January 24th, on the appeal of the case of the United States vs. the *City of Mexico*, not only all foreign going vessels but also *all engaged in the Lake and Coasting trades were brought under the supervision of Shipping Commissioners so far as the shipping and paying off of their crews were concerned.*

This decision more than doubled the labors of the Commissioners, in many cases caused great inconvenience to the vessels in the trades named, and as the seamen thus employed, were comparatively exempt from abuses which the law was framed to correct, operated in these trades as a hardship deserving prompt remedy; and to which end an amendment excluding from

the operations of the law all vessels trading on the Lakes, on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, and the British Provinces of North America, was promptly passed by Congress. A provision in the Revised Statutes (sec. 4575) subsequently passed, requiring *all* foreign going vessels to produce to the Collector when clearing, a certified crew list from the Shipping Commissioner in uniform hand-writing and without interlineations, virtually restores to the supervision of that officer the shipping of seamen engaged in the trade with British North America.

It will be noticed in this report that a large and increasing proportion of seamen are being shipped without advance wages. It would be a great benefit, not only to seamen but to their employers, if the whole custom could be abolished; and this, it is believed, could easily be done by united action on the part of shipowners, sustained by the Shipping Commissioner. Landlords would have to face the first loss. After that the sailor would have to pay for his board as he received it, and, having no power to hypothecate his baggage and his future earnings, would have to cut loose from his landlord and go to sea while yet a free man. Under the present system a small amount of board and a very meagre outfit is made to sweep the whole month's advance, and the sailor is often landed penniless in Europe to be taken in there for a few days by the landlord who in the same way swallows the next advance.

The following letter and its enclosure explain themselves.

OFFICE OF THE U. S. SHIPPING COM'R., }
NEW YORK, NOV. 2D., 1874. }

Hon. L. B. Woodruff, Judge U. S. Circuit Court, New York:

SIR,—I enclose a copy of rules for the shipment of seamen, adopted at this

Office to-day; and I will state in explanation that the growing and strengthening evil of extorting bonuses or blood-money from seamen—shared by masters, landlords, and in some cases by merchants—renders this course on my part, in my judgment, a positive necessity; and which, if necessary, I can justify before your Honorable Court.

Very respectfully,

C. C. DUNCAN,

U. S. Shipping Commissioner.

RULES FOR SHIPPING SEAMEN.

1. The Master of every vessel on opening his Articles must express his desire and intention in writing, in a book kept for that purpose, of selecting his crew, otherwise the crew will be selected and shipped by the Deputy Commissioner in charge.

2. Whenever the Master desires to select his crew, he must give at least twenty-four hours notice of the time at which Articles are to be signed.

3. No one but a Deputy Shipping Commissioner or the Master will be permitted to select the crew for any vessel.

4. The use of lists, tickets, or distinguishing marks, will not be permitted in selecting or shipping seamen in the Shipping Hall.

5. No boarding-house keeper or employé, nor any person not having business to transact, will be allowed on the floor of the Shipping Hall while a crew is being shipped.

6. The Master of every vessel shall be protected in his right to select his crew, whenever he so desires; and he shall not be limited to one appointment for shipping, if more are needed to obtain a satisfactory crew.

7. The payment of bonuses for situations or for seamen, whether paid by seamen, masters, or others in their behalf, is unlawful, and vigorous means will be adopted to suppress it. The co-operation of shipowners, masters, and seamen, is earnestly desired.

8. All seamen found, on mustering on board, to be drunk, disorderly, or otherwise unfit for their duties, will, at the request of the Master, be removed, and satisfactory men substituted.

These rules have been rigidly adhered to and with very excellent results.

The following duties are imposed by law upon the Commissioner. He must examine—and correct if necessary—the account of every

discharged seaman; hear and settle, whenever required, all differences between seamen and masters; see that the seamen receive their correct money, and a certificate of discharge and character in their own hand and while sober; witness the execution of a "mutual release," and keep a record of all such seamen's names. In engagements for outward voyages the Commissioner must see that every seaman is sober when shipped, thoroughly understands the nature of the voyage and enters upon it willingly; that he receives his advance notes or wages into his own hands while sober. He must secure the presence of such seamen on board at the proper time, sober and orderly, and see that they have been fairly settled with by their landlords.

He must supply to each captain two sets of original articles and a certified list of the crew, and keep a record of every outgoing seaman.

He must pay, or witness the paying of all advance notes, having first satisfied himself that the seamen represented in them have actually sailed as agreed, and that the endorsements of the notes are genuine.

He must receive and account for, to the U. S. Circuit Court, all monies and effects due to seamen who have deserted or died.

In the steamship service the most of these duties are necessarily performed on board, and in the sailing service, so far as practicable in this office.

The staff of the office has been regulated by its necessities—increased and diminished according to the amount of work to be done: at present it consists of one commissioner, five deputies, five special deputies, four clerks, and seven outdoor officers and men.

Crews have been rendered to

vessels at all hours as ordered from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M., and, excepting a few instances during two unsuccessful strikes of landlords, always at the dock, orderly and sober. The Commissioner's officers have not unfrequently been on duty all night.

There have been shipped at this office during the year just closed 26,636 seamen, of which 5,374 have been reshipments, and for these latter no fees have been charged to vessel or seamen. 15,206 were shipped without advance. In the same period 27,576 were paid off. *\$1,653,186 08 have been paid into seamen's own hands, while they were sober*, for wages due and accruing, and no complaint touching the law or its workings has ever reached the Commissioner from any such seamen.

A large and growing number of disputes between masters and seamen have been satisfactorily settled and many vexatious and expensive lawsuits avoided.

Wages of deceased seamen, amounting to \$3,333 58, have been collected and paid into Court, a large part of which has gone thence to heirs and administrators.

The entire amount of fees received during the year is \$56,-169 00, and of expenses, including a balance of \$2,581 33 due on last year's account, \$56,974 57.

There has been no case of "shanghaeing," mutiny, riot or bloodshed on shipboard, nor one complaint by any seaman of injustice or mistake in settlement of wages or in the payment of advance notes, among the men shipped and paid off under the Shipping Act in the port of New York, during the year 1874.

Very respectfully,
CHARLES C. DUNCAN,
U. S. Shipping Com'r.

THE WAIFS OF THE LA PLATA.

The London Daily News of Dec. 25th, contains a graphic account, given by a special reporter, of the sufferings of Henry Lamont, boatswain, and John Hooper, quartermaster, of the steamer *La Plata*, from mid-day on Sunday, Nov. 29, when the vessel foundered, until the morning of Wednesday, Dec. 2, when they were rescued by the Dutch schooner *Wilhelm Benklezoon*. The following is a condensation of this account:

The principal narrator was Lamont, alike because of his superior position, his better education, his greater fluency of language, and the less engrossing agony of his pain. He declined, and properly so, to express his views as to the causes of the shipwreck; these at least in detail, as it seemed to him, as well as to me, should be reserved for the formal inquiry, at which, from his position as boatswain, of the unfortunate vessel, he will be the most important witness. I now proceed to allow him to speak.

Lamont—"I came on deck at midnight of Saturday, Nov. 28. I had last eaten at 6 o'clock that night. I went on the bridge to superintend the steering. The ship would not keep her head to the wind, but kept continually falling off eight points, and lurching into the trough of the sea. I stopped on the bridge until two o'clock, when the mate, Mr. Rush, relieved me, and told me to go down on the main deck, and secure the jolly-boat. It was then blowing a whole gale from west-nor'-west. The ship was laboring heavily, and caught it fearfully, when she fell off into the trough of the sea. The ship had suffered no damage at this time; the seas were breaking over her without harming her so far as I knew.

Soon after 2 A. M., after I had secured the jolly-boat, a great sea came in right abeam—she had fallen off into the trough of the sea again, you see,—and swept the jolly-boat clean away, snapping off the davits as if they had been carrots. This wave carried a man overboard. He might have been saved, for he kept afloat full seven minutes; but I could get no assistance from the crew to help the poor fellow on board, and I swore at them for a set of lubberly dogs. They wanted spirit; not a bad set of men, but had'n't much heart inside them. Two hours after this another sea washed the starboard waist boat away—a life boat. Then as she kept falling away so, and shipping so heavy seas, we set the foot of the main trysail to try to keep her up to the wind. She had been carrying no canvass before, only steaming at full power. Almost as soon as we had set the sail, the foot outside (the sheet) carried away, and we left the trysail flapping to the mercy of the wind. Soon after the loose canvass was beating so that the captain desired it to be cut away, and I myself went up and cut it adrift.

"Between 10 and 11 o'clock I was asked by Mr. Ricketts, the chief of the telegraph staff, to take a gang of men down into the tank and pass the end of the wire up and keep it clear as it paid out. By a little after 11 we had paid out about 30 miles, when the cable was cut, because it had been determined to put the ship before the wind, which the cable, hanging from the bow, would have prevented—she wouldn't have paid off with it so. The telegraph tank was not forward, but abaft the deck-house, further aft than amidships, between the main and mizzen masts. She was

very much down by the stern; but paying out the cable did not fetch her head any further out of the water. It was clear to everybody that she was doomed to go to the bottom. The first mate did his duty to the last like a man. There had gathered a lot of hands—fourteen or fifteen on the starboard side, and they got the starboard boat ready and provisioned, and some had got in her, waiting for the end. I and Hooper were both with this crew. When this had been done, there came a lot of other men who had been loafing around idly, and crowded into her when they saw her ready. I said to them, 'what the devil do you all want here?—you will have the boat overcrowded; why not go and get the boat over there—the port boat—ready for yourselves?' Well one man saw the sense of this—it was, I believe, the man who steered the boat that floated—and he went and unhooked the davit tackles. She was on board standing on the skids. I said to the mate, 'We'd better unhook our tackles, because, when she goes down the boat will lift clean.' The mate said 'Hold on a minute;' and just then a sea came, lifted the boat up, and broke her right in two across the waist. We were driven all ways. I got hold of the stern davit tackle along with the mate, and then was washed on to the mizzen rigging, which I clutched. I got a heavy blow, when I was thrown up thus—you may see the mark of the bruise on my forehead now. I pulled myself together and ran up the mizzen rigging as fast as I could. At this time the ship was settling down fast, and the deck abaft was under water. The other boat—that on the other port side—was by this time afloat, left on the surface as the deck went under water. She floated clear handsomely. I hailed

her from the mizzen rigging, but they called 'No!' back to me. Down went the mast under water—this was the ship sinking, and down I went too. I had let go the rigging, but was sucked down in the vortex. I went down a good way—no, I don't know how far; but this I know, that I was gaping and swallowing sea water. I saw somebody above me in the water and put out my hand to clutch him, but on second thoughts left him alone, and took my chance by myself. Up I came again, alone. The first thing I saw a life-bouy floating about. I got hold of that, and put it on over my head, and then I caught a grip of a floating topgallant-mast, and rode easy. Just then I saw the quartermaster—Hooper, there—clinging to a spar. 'How goes it quartermaster?' I cried. 'Oh, I don't know; I can't hold on much longer,' he replied. Just then I saw one of the air rafts which we had inflated in the morning, floating, and I cried, 'Oh my God, quartermaster, there's one of them rafts coming towards you! Look out behind you and catch it, and then hold on, and I'll join you.' He cast loose and swam a few yards to the raft, and got hold of it; and I followed it to him at once. This brings me down to the time I reached the raft."

It was not until then that Lamont and Hooper had common fortunes, and Hooper's experiences prior to this time have now to be chronicled.

Hooper—"I was at the wheel, when close on 12 o'clock, the mate came to me and said, 'You'd better leave the wheel; it's every man for himself now.' I first went to the raft lying on the bridge, which the doctor and one of the telegraph men were standing by; but I saw there was no chance of its going clear as it stood, so I gave them a

hand to launch it to windward. Then I still thought there was no chance there, so I left the bridge and went aft, and got into the boat which Lamont and his crew had got ready—the starboard boat. Just as I got in a sea broke over and smashed her in two, and fell through the middle of her right into the sea. I had a hard struggle to come to the surface, and when I did I found I had been carried down by the suction of the foundering hull, and that the mizzen rigging was following the hull and coming right down a-top of me. Some one sang out, ‘Look out for the rigging,’ and before I had time to swim away the rigging caught me across the back, and took me down a second time. I went down a long way this time, till I could hold my breath no longer, and then I had to swallow the salt water. At last I found myself drifting clear of the rigging and coming up to the surface. I came right up under a topgallant yard, and cut my head upon one of the bolts of it. I clung to the spar, and looking round I saw the boatswain not far from me. He said just what he has told you, and that brings you down to our getting on the raft. When I reached it I found that both the air tubes were sound, although not fully inflated. We sat on the best inflated one, pressing our knees against the other, with our feet down on the canvass connecting them. The framework air raft was bottom up. We had nothing to hold on by, and were continually under water up to the waist, with the seas breaking over our heads every now and then. Once I took my leg out of the water and stretched it on the air cone opposite to me; but it soon got so cold that I was glad to put it under again. So you see the water was like a blanket after a

sort of a way. The boat cruised about, they say, do they? We know better than that. Lamont did see the engineers pick up two people out of the water; but when I came to the surface a second time she was a mile and a half away, going head to wind. When we got on the raft, we turned round, and had a good look out all ways; but we could see nothing of her, and came to the conclusion she had gone down. We saw only one man in the water when we got on the raft. I couldn’t say who he was, but he had a cork belt on. He sung out to us, ‘Help! help! help!’ but we could not aid him, for we were drifting at the mercy of the wind and sea. If he had got on the raft he would have been saved. I must tell you that the air raft was just like two big cigars linked together by a framework, over which canvass was stretched. Only the framework was broken, and as we sat on one of the cigars, we had to make a ‘jury’ framework, to keep the two cigars asunder, with our knees braced hard against the one opposite to that on which we sat.”

Lamont went on, discursively—“There was a hencoop-full of dead ducks floating about the surface, and when we were on the spars they and the chickens kept bobbling against our faces, and we were shoving them away. Lord! how we used to talk about them dead ducks by the Tuesday we were on the raft, as we sat cuddling each other for the sake of heat, my head over Hooper’s shoulder and my arms round his neck. Then we’d drop off into a kind of doze, and when we’d waken with a start we had most always been dreaming about food. Hooper was always thinking about that cup of tea with his sweetheart, and dreaming that somebody was holding him

out a cup. I used to dream of canned lobsters, I suppose because of the case of them I smashed to light the donkey engine fire; and I used to dream that I saw the steward serving them out."

Then Hooper had a little innings. "But wasn't it curious that we never felt either hungry or thirsty? No, not until we had the first mouthful on board the Dutchman. We had no tobacco—no nothing. Oh, yes, chum, I'm wrong, we had your medal of the Ship-wrecked Mariners' Society."

I asked what in the world relation that had to eating or drinking. "More than you think for," replied Hooper. "On the Wednesday morning, when we thought the Dutch schooner had gone, we felt dry in our mouths with the fever of the anxiety. So Lamont brought out his society's medal, and we chewed away at that to make the spittle come. It wasn't much of a breakfast for two, was it? Let the gentleman look at it, mate!"

And at the word Lamont produced a silver medal with its edges all bitten, jagged, and indented with tooth-marks. It had the effigy of Nelson on one side, with those famous words of his—"England expects every man to do his duty;" and it seemed to me that the two men before me had not been unworthy of the motto or of the country of the hero of Trafalgar.

Lamont—"Well, about this schr. which we saw on the Sunday afternoon. She was too far from us, and there was too much sea on for her to see us. We did try to signal her. We put this coat that I've on upon one of the sculls, and waved it over our heads, but she did not heed us. When this chance was over we shifted our position, and sat in the center of one of the

air tubes—the cigars, you may call them—close to one another. This brought it down, and we were up to our waists in water, and uncommon cold water it was. It was a very dark night. The moon got up at 11, and the sea was fearfully high, and washed over us always. But we didn't feel it that night."

"No, not like on the other nights, mate," remarked Hooper.

"Never winked an eyelid this first night. We were looking out hard for vessels, with my head over Hooper's shoulders. And my arms around his shoulders, and my coat over us all. No, we didn't talk much. Chiefly hoped about vessels being in sight next day."

"No, but we thought a good deal—at least I did," said Hooper.

"The seas made a clean breach over us. They would break on the raft, and then up they'd go, and come slapping clean over us. We were drifting about two miles an hour. Yes, we knew which way we were going by the way the wind was blowing—to the easterly direction at first. No rain, but an overcast night. This was the Sunday night. On Monday we saw some steamships and sailing vessels, but all too far off, and it was not worth while to try to signal them. Some were hull down, and of the steamers only the smoke was visible. Did we feel hunger or thirst? No, but we felt our limbs slowly becoming numbed."

"Yes, mate; I felt as if I were dying by inches, from the waist down," interpolated Hooper.

The salt water had clotted the blood over the wound on Hooper's head. "In fact," said he, "I didn't know it was there till next day. We sat silent for hours, straining our eyes and praying aloud."

Lamont—"No, mate; it was Tuesday we took to the praying in

earnest. Just at daybreak on Tuesday morning I took a long steady sweep of the horizon with my eyes, as my chum was dozing. There was nothing to be seen; and yes, well, I did begin to despair then. Just as my heart was going down—the wind was dying away fast like my heart—Hooper woke up, and looking out to windward gave a great shout, ‘My God! there’s a vessel coming down upon us!’ I gave a great gasp when I saw that what he said was true. Sure enough there was a three-masted schooner, American built, standing directly down on us with a three-knot breeze. As she came within half a mile of us the wind perished altogether, and it fell dead calm. There she stopped for over an hour.” “More,” said Hooper, “well on to two hours, so near as I could guess without the aid of a chronometer.” This was a dry grin, for Hooper has a droll humor of his own.

“We could see everything that was going on on board. We could see the cook going into the galley, and the movements of the man at the wheel, putting the wheel up and down, and the hands setting the square foresail; our hearts were in our mouths. We couldn’t stand up, but we hoisted the coat on a piece of broken board, shouted with all our might till we were hoarse—aye, till they were well nigh out of sight. They took no notice of us. Well, I would not like to say for certain that they saw us. Surely, no men, if they had seen us, would have left fellow-mortals in such a plight! But it is a puzzle to me where their eyes were that they did not see us. As the breeze sprang up, she bore away and gradually went out of sight. This left us in despair. We cuddled each other for the sake of heat, as on the Monday night, and

spoke hardly a word the livelong night. About 4 in the morning Hooper, turning his head around, saw a schooner bearing right down for us from the northward, within 100 yards. He said to me, ‘Good God, boatswain, here’s a vessel alongside of us!’ Yes, it was past shouting, nigh hand, by this time; we were too weak to make much of a noise. I turned round, and saw he was right, and we both of us set up a cry of distress.”

Hooper (*sotto voce*, as he sat on the sofa rubbing his bare feet and legs)—“It was a cry, too—a cry of despair.”

Lamont continued, “The schooner heard us. No, there came no cry back; but we heard them jabbering away to each other in a foreign lingo, and she rounded to, waiting to see whether we should come to them. Of course we couldn’t—we had no power of direction. She waited so about ten minutes, and all this time we were drifting to leeward. When they found that we didn’t reach them they kept her up to the wind again, and off she went. Then our hearts turned to lumps of lead; we thought all hope was over, for it seemed as if she, too, was going to leave us. But all of a sudden she hoisted an extra light, tacked, and came back. She was too far windward, and we were too far to leeward, for her to hear our cries, but we kept the lights in sight till daylight.”

Hooper—“Yes, boatswain, you kept the lookout for them; I didn’t care to; I didn’t want to build up my hopes too high, for to have them broke down again. The boatswain kept on calling, ‘Here she is!’ and then again, ‘No, I’ve lost her,’ till I begged him for the love of God to hold his tongue.”

Lamont—“When daylight came we lost sight of her altogether, and then we gave up for good. We

shook hands in our despair, and getting thirsty with anxiety, began to chew the medal, as I have told you. All of a sudden the quartermaster turned round, and cried, 'Oh! boatswain, here comes the schooner again.' I turned round and saw her too; I took my coat and waved it, and a piece of the damaged framework of the air-raft. There were hands in the schooner's rigging looking out for us. She bore right down on us—for evidently they had sighted us—and came within between 100 and 200 yards of us, and then rounded to the wind a little. The sea was running very high, and the breeze was very strong. When she got abreast of us they beckoned to us, and she passed us; and I said to Hooper, 'I expect they want us to swim to her.' I said, 'When she comes back I will try it, and, if I'm lost, they will try some other means to save you; and you know what to do when you get home.' Meantime the schooner had tacked, and was coming back towards us. When she was within about 200 yards of us I shook hands with Hooper, and we each said, 'Good-by; God bless you'; and I took the life-buoy, which we had kept all along, put it around me, and jumped from the raft. I swam to the schooner. It was hard buffeting, for I was cramped up, and had no feeling in my legs; yet they said I seemed to swim very well. God alone knows how I swam at all. It seemed an hour's work till I got alongside. They threw me one line, which I missed; then two more, one of which I got hold of. Finding I had no strength to hold on by my hands, I took a turn of the rope round my wrists, and held on the best way I could; and so I was dragged up alongside, the captain leaving the tiller, catching hold of me by the back of the neck,

and hauling me on board out of the water. You see she was only a little way out of the water. He could lean over easily. The captain went back to the helm, and I tried to follow him, but I fell down on the deck, almost insensible and quite helpless."

Hooper—"My story is soon finished. When Lamont had left I was alone on the raft, and did not think I had strength to swim to the schooner, which tacked closer—within about 30 yards—to give me the better chance. But I thought I might as well die swimming for life as sitting in the water on the raft. So I made an effort, and succeeded in getting under the schooner's bow. I caught the first rope that was thrown to me, but when it tautened, my hands were too much numbed to hang on to it. so I caught a turn of it round my neck, and held on to it with my teeth. As she was a small vessel, when she rolled, some one leaned over and caught me, and I was pulled on board. Directly I put my foot on deck I went for to kneel down to give thanks to God, but I tumbled all of a heap and lay there all but senseless. I can just remember them carrying me down into the fo'k'sle, and seeing Lamont there."

(For the Sailors' Magazine.)

The Transit of Venus,

AS SEEN FROM HONOLULU.

The great scientific event of the year 1874, has just occurred, and I am most happy to report, that never could Astronomers have asked for a more favorable and propitious day, than was enjoyed in Honolulu. For several weeks, we have had rainy, windy and cloudy weather, and many fears were entertained that the "8th" would prove unfavorable, but it was not

so. It really seemed as if the Almighty Architect of the Material Universe, on that day swept the sky of every cloud and every vaporous and hazy obstruction, and said to the Astronomers, who had been making their preparations, "Go to your work, adjust your instruments, make your observations, I give you an open field, clear sky and the bodies which I have made to look at and examine. Detect, if you can, any defect in my works of creation, but do not like the scientists elsewhere, say there is no God."

So clear was the atmosphere and favorable the opportunity, that Venus could readily be seen in crossing the Sun's disc with a piece of common glass, partially obscured with smoke. As you may imagine, every one was out with his piece of smoked glass, if unprovided with anything better—even the Kanaka boys in the street turned astronomers on that day! At the precise moment predicted, the contact was made. How truly wonderful, for a similar transit had not before occurred since Capt. Cook and his associates witnessed the transit of Venus, at Tahiti, 1769, one hundred and five years ago!

Capt. Tapman, the Chief English Astronomer, says, that his observations were most satisfactory and that he obtained sixty good photographic views. In due time they will be duly reported with those made in other parts of the world.

Observations were made on Hawaii and Kanai, and already favorable reports have been received. Should equally favorable observations have been made in other parts of the world, surely astronomers could not ask for facts more conclusive to the interests of science, and upon which may be based their future calculations.

S. C. DAMON.

HONOLULU, 10 December, 1874.

P. S.—Since the above paragraphs were written, the official report of the English Astronomers has been published. I copy as follows:

The Chief Astronomer Capt. Tapman, reports point of internal contact.

3h. 35m. 55'⁷s.

L. V. Noble, an assistant, as follows:

3h. 35m 54'⁴s.

These and other observations are reported as most satisfactory.

We have some amateur astronomers in Honolulu, who came very near that of Capt. Tapman.

C. I. Lyons, Government Surveyor,

3h. 35m. 53s.

Capt. D. Smith,

3h. 35m. 54'⁸s.

Dr. Flitner, our Rater of Chronometers,

3h. 35m. 58s.

F. S. Pratt,

3h. 35m. 53s.

The Nation that Honoreth God, He will honor.

Just prior to leaving the Islands, on his visit to the United States, King KALAKUA, set apart by royal proclamation, a day of Thanksgiving and prayer. In the First Street Church, Honolulu, our Chaplain, Rev. Dr. DAMON, delivered a discourse on that occasion, (November 16th,) which was subsequently asked for publication. The whole discourse is marked by a loyal and statesmanlike view of the responsibility of human governments, and gave great satisfaction because of its excellence and timeliness. We have selected the following passages, which will be read just now with peculiar interest:

"Under the blessings and smiles of God's overruling Providence, the Christian people of America, have conferred upon the inhabitants of these Islands a Christian civilization, and the Hawaiians have cordially reciprocated what has been done for them. Already have the people

of the United States spent over a million of dollars for their evangelization. There has grown up between the two nations, a most intimate relationship, not only in commerce and trade, but in the intercourse of life. Our sons and daughters seek to complete their education in the land of their parents, but ere long, hope to return to the islands and spend their days. Some of our sons fought manfully and heroically on the Federal side in the great Civil war, and one honored as a General in the Federal Army, now presides over the important Normal School, for educating the Freedmen, at Hampton, Va.; and let me not omit to mention the fact, that within the last two years, four officers of the United States Navy have led to the hymeneal altar, four of our fair daughters. In a social and religious point of view, the Hawaiian Islands are now annexed to the United States! There is not a more intimate connection, in these respects between England and any one of her colonial possessions. America has been the foster-parent of Hawaii nei, and now the latter asks for a still more intimate bond of union such as will be formed by a Treaty-of-Reciprocity. I do most earnestly maintain, that it would prove mutually beneficial,—beneficial not only to the Islands, but still more beneficial to the United States. These Islands are what the people of Oregon and California need to complete their commercial integrity and unity; such as may be secured by Reciprocity. The commerce and business of the Islands have been developed under the natural and fostering care and capital of the United States, and for the United States Government not to promote increased intercourse and trade, would seem a suicidal policy.

HIS MAJESTY'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

The visit of his Majesty to the United States, at this critical time appears to be most opportune and providential. Most heartily do we hope and believe Christians of all communions will respond to the call, in the Proclamation of the 21st of October, to pray that God will "be pleased to prosper and guard His Majesty during his absence from his Kingdom." Tyndall, Huxley, and other materialistic philosophers, may prove to *their* entire satisfaction, that God does not interfere with the established order of the created universe, yet I have not the least doubt that those scientists, if they were about to cross the Atlantic in a staunch Cunard steamer; officered and manned by the noblest commander and seamen, would

after all feel a little more at ease and a little more safe, if assured that their fathers, mothers, sisters and friends, morning and evening, offered up prayer to Almighty God in their behalf and for their safety! The author of our being has deeply implanted in the human soul, a feeling of dependence, which finds its natural expression in humble prayer to God. No amount of reasoning, speculation or argument can effectually eradicate this feeling from the human heart. The dweller in the darkest and most heathenish island of Polynesia or in the wilds of Africa, acknowledges this truth, equally with those educated in the meridian light of modern civilization and Christianity. Those men denying this principle may be true to their scientific convictions, but they are not true to their spiritual natures; hence, most heartily do I honor His Majesty for making this request, and so must every Christian man, woman and child, throughout this Kingdom. In conclusion, listen to the word of God, by His Prophet Isaiah; "For thus saith the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with Him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." Many an humble and contrite prayer, I doubt not, will go up for His Majesty from his subjects of all communions that God will "prosper and guard" King and people, now and ever more. Amen.

"Worship Him that Made the Sea."

REV. 14: 7.

"Worship HIM, that made the Sea,"

Said the angel on the wing;

Wheresoever you may be,

Evermore His praises sing!

Ye, who o'er the sea have sailed,

Safely resting in your home,

Him, whose word has never failed,

Worship; pray, "Thy Kingdom come."

Think of those now on the wave,

Off by wind and tempest tost;

Tell of Him who came to save,

Send "good tidings" to the lost.

Ye, whose home is on the sea,

Worship Him who guides your way;

Seek not from His eye to flee,

He will hear you when you pray.

Now, ascended up on high,

Love is glowing in His breast;

In your sorrow He is nigh,

Peaceful on His bosom rest.

N. B.

Jan. 6th, 1875.

OUR WORK:

SURVEY CONTINUED, CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

St. John, N. B.

Rev. JAMES SPENCER, in a statement of his labors for 1874, says that eighty American ships were in the port during the twelvemonth, with crews numbering in the aggregate 742 sailors. He had preached one hundred sermons, attended fifty prayer-meetings, made one hundred and fifty visits to the sick, and one hundred and ninety visits to vessels, distributing in these labors 23,000 pages of tracts. Great attention has been paid by his congregations to the preaching of the Word. At one time he obtained permission, during the latter part of the week, from the captain of an English ship, to hold service on board, on the next Lord's day, the men being so engaged during the week that he could not speak to them. "On Sunday morning," he writes, "when I went on board to preach I soon learned that they were all Roman Catholics, and all, moreover, objected to assemble in the saloon. I said, 'The forecastle is quite large, and perhaps you will allow me to read the Bible and offer prayer there.' After a short time they consented. Enquiring of a young man if he had a Bible, he brought me a Roman Catholic version, from which I read the third chapter of John's gospel, and spoke for nearly half an hour from the third verse,—"*Amen. I say unto you, except ye be born again, ye cannot see the kingdom of God.*" I spoke to them of the nature of that kingdom, and the preparation necessary for its enjoyment, and closed by exhorting them earnestly to accept the sacrifice of Christ as the only way of salvation. About a week after, I met a young man in the street, who grasped my hands very warmly, saying that what I had spoken on the previous Sunday was perfectly true, that there was no other way of being saved but by and through

the atonement made by Christ Jesus. He appeared so deeply in earnest on the subject that I believe he is not far from the kingdom itself."

Norfolk, Va.

Letters from Rev. E. N. CRANE, our chaplain at this port have during the last fall, spoken of his difficulty in getting access to the Roman Catholic Hospital, in Norfolk, with which the United States Government makes contracts for the care of its sick sailors. The hospital authorities having denied admission to Mr. CRANE, he wrote us, December 31st, as follows: "Hospital matters are not improving, but rather growing worse, and, indeed, assuming such a form that the Marine Hospital Service Bureau of the U. S. Treasury Department will probably soon have to step in and put an end to the miserable contract system, restoring to us the Marine Hospital, as before the war—a consummation devoutly to be wished. This would at once solve the problem in favor of my free access to the sick and disabled seamen, with better opportunity than I have ever had to labor for their spiritual benefit." Mr. CRANE visited 152 vessels in December.

Wilmington, N. C.

In nine months of the year 1874, Rev. J. L. KEEN, Chaplain, visited 301 vessels of five nationalities, and distributed 10,073 pages of reading matter. In the same period, Captain Penton entertained 496 seamen, at the Home.

Charleston, S. C.

The year past has been, financially, a trying one for the local SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, but Rev. W. B. YATES, so long our Chaplain, continues in our service,

and says the Bethel is filling up very fast. There were only two deaths in the Marine Hospital from January to October, 1874. He narrates the following, in his latest communication:

"I accidentally met a gentleman looking for the Rev. Mr. Yates, who was in the Bethel before the war. When he found me, he said: 'Twenty-eight years ago I heard you preach from the bows of a ship (which is the form of my pulpit). I was then second mate of the British ship *Constitution*, and to that sermon am I indebted for having changed my life. Some years ago I left following the sea. I am now engaged in mercantile life. But to your sermon I am indebted for having received a change. Although I have not been in Charleston since then, until now, I determined not to leave until I had seen you, and thanked you for it.'"

Savannah, Ga.

In the quarter ending January 1st, 1875, Rev. RICHARD WEBB, Chaplain, made visits to 300 vessels, and performed his other usual labors. He reports his Sabbath School as doubled in numbers. Upon their Christmas tree, at their annual festival, was a present for every child, the friends of the seamen (most of them the masters of vessels) contributing, among themselves, \$101 for their purchase. Early in December, the Savannah Port Society raised between three and four thousand dollars, which they expect to increase to \$5,000, among merchants of the port, for the discharge of their indebtedness. Within the past four months there have been at one time, sixty sick seamen in the Marine Hospital.

Pensacola, Fla.

With the disappearance of the yellow fever, in November, came a revival of business and an increase of shipping and of sailors. Chaplain CARTER speaks with great praise of the successful treatment of the seamen who had been ill from the fever, by Dr. Herron, at the U. S. Hospital, and says that there were

comparatively few deaths among them. There is an expectation of increased trade during the spring and summer, as there has already been some improvement in the markets.

New-Orleans, La.

Chaplain PEASE, returning from the north, in the fall, opened Sabbath services at once, with thirty to forty seamen in attendance, and twenty seamen were present at his first week day evening meeting. Writing us his "first impressions" of renewed work, he said: "it is a hard field, but it never was easier than now, and though we know not what lies before us, the outlook is all hopeful and encouraging." At a later date, he wrote: "I had some as good meetings in mid-winter, last year, but I think I never had as good meetings at the beginning of the season, *i. e.* meetings so numerous attended, and with such manifestations of God's presence, as this fall, nor so many daily visitors at the reading room. My Sabbath school, too, went up, at once, from twelve or thirteen, to one hundred, but owing to changes of place and employment, I have been left quite alone as to teachers. I could easily increase the school, but have quite enough, till I can have some help."

January 13th, 1875, Mr. PEASE says: "My place has never been so thronged as at present. It is not uncommon to see fifty men at a time in the Reading Room, all quietly engaged in reading or writing." He seems greatly encouraged about his general work.

Galveston, Texas.

The recent letters from Chaplain BURR, at this port, now one of the two most important commercial points in the Southern States, are of especial interest. By statistics sent us, we see that on the 21st November, 1874, there were in the harbor 5 steamers, (all English) 8 ships, 36 barks, 2 brigs and 6 schooners; total

57. Besides these, there were about as many other small vessels engaged in the Gulf trade.

During the last of November, there were about 2,000 seamen in port. Bethel services were well attended—sometimes more came than could get into the room, and some stood outside during the exercises. Nor were signs of the Holy Spirit's presence lacking. Ten young men connected with the Y. M. C. A., labor voluntarily in connection with Bethel work.

In speaking of the great need of a Seamen's Home and Bethel, Chaplain BURE remarks: "Many captains say Galveston is the worst port they ever visited. Many persons now keeping sailor boarding houses here, are lawless desperadoes, driven by crimes, from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and you may readily imagine the obstacles we have to contend with. One hundred and thirty-two vessels were visited in the month. Still, again, dating his letter Dec. 29th, 1874, the Chaplain says: "We must have a Bethel and Home. I think this is the worst place I have ever been in. Our 'Smoky Row' which is near where the large shipping lays, equals the Five Points of New York in its worst days. The law allows all saloon keepers to open at 4 P. M. on the Sabbath. In some places they ring the bell at 4 P. M., to open saloons. So that some of our bells ring when it is time to go to grog, as well as to go to church. This works badly for us, for we are constantly annoyed by drunken seamen."

Mr. BURE proposes to extend his labors to Indianola, a post almost as important as Galveston, and arrangements are making for an experimental mission in the early spring.

Buffalo, N. Y.

At this season of the year, the work of Chaplain Cook, is mainly limited to visiting and supplying the canal boats which

are there, laid up, with papers. Very many of these boats have families upon them who are kindly invited, and often come to his services at the Wells Street Chapel.

Oswego, N. Y.

Rev. DR. EMERSON, during the period of navigation, served us faithfully at this port, and accomplished very great good. He remains in Oswego for the winter, to do Missionary work, under the direction of the Y. M. C. Association.

Erie Canal.

Rev. DAVID DICKEY, with his centre of operations at Rochester, and Dea. ISRAEL STARKS, at Syracuse, have industriously sought the spiritual welfare of the thousands who traverse this great thoroughfare, and never were they happier or more useful in their work.

Boston, Mass.

NEW SAILORS' HOME.

The Boston Seamen's Friend Society has at length completed their new HOME which is now open for seamen. It has a front of 100 feet on Salem street, and 125 on North Bennett street. It is three stories high, contains a chapel for Sabbath services, which will seat 400, and also a room for prayer-meetings and lectures. It has rooms for the accommodation of 60 or 70 sailors, easily, and can be arranged so as to accommodate 100. It has a reading-room, a bath-room, and all facilities for making it a true home for the sailor. It has cost about \$60,000. At the dedication, Jan'y 30th, Mr. A. H. Hardy made an interesting report for the Building Committee. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Cambridge. Rev. S. E. Herrick, of the Mount Vernon Church, spoke of the need of elevating sailors as a class. He said he was the son of a sailor, and he still had the sailor lingo on his tongue,

and the sailor love in his heart. He knew what sailors were, what their troubles and temptations were, and how noble and generous they were as a class. At any time which may be selected, there are no less than 1500 sailors in Boston. As certainly as the tide ebbs and flows every day, so surely does this human tide flow into and out of our streets. The sea takes away with it a freight of filth and miasma and death; and so the human sea which ebbs out of the port every day, from its slums and purlieus carries with it the filth and disease accumulated there, to convey it to other quarters of the globe.

There is only one palm branch which can purify these waters, if thrown into them, and that is the pure wood of the cross. It is asked why cannot sailors be left to themselves as other classes are. He answered, because they are birds of passage, here to-day and gone to-morrow, and they must be reached while here. The iron must be struck while it is hot. Other classes are under the shadow of countless church steeples—they are surrounded by countless influences of good, and see the constantly recurring observance of Sunday. The sailor hears none of these things. The only bell he hears is the ship bell, and Sunday or not the work of the vessel must be done. Yet, in spite of this, sailors are more inclined to religion than any other class. It is easier work to reach a sailor's heart, when once you get at him, than any other man's.

Rev. Dr. E. B. Webb spoke briefly of the responsibility of the churches for the conversion of the sailors. He was followed by Hon. Alpheus Hardy, Rev. S. H. Hayes, the pastor, and others, and the services concluded by singing.

Marine Hospital, Chelsea, Mass.

CAPT. BARTLETT'S SIXTEENTH ANNUAL
REPORT.

Sixteen years of almost unremitted labor, wanting one week the last year

from lameness, wanting four weeks in the preceding fifteen years. Steadily, year in and year out, with his faithful co-laborers, has he gone to his work, never hesitating, never held back by any circumstances. His presence in the hospital has become a power for good, which can hardly be estimated, and it shows how the persistent efforts of a wise and consistent Christian layman may avail for great usefulness. Tall, manly, vigorous, cheerful, ever welcome, he continues his mission.

His report is as follows:

“The past year there have been in the hospital 663 officers and men; in 16 years 12,083, from 20 nationalities; 2 meetings each week, with weekly distribution of reading in 10 languages; the last year 110 bibles and testaments, 285,000 pages of tracts, 3,100 religious papers, and 1,500 magazines and pamphlets. Many have stood up for prayers, 91 have signed the pledge, 45 have given hope of conversion, 754 in 16 years, 34 catholics among them. I meet many who tell me they were led to Christ at the Hospital. Many striking cases might be stated; one young Swede earnestly desired to go home and get an education, that he might preach the Gospel. Of the 21 who have died, some were beyond hope of recovering when they came to the Hospital; 506 have died in 16 years, about four per cent. of the whole.

I have had the co-operation of Dr. Bancroft, and all the employees, have been treated with great respect by the sailors, have had aid from the Churches in Chelsea, from the Y. M. C. A., from many in Boston. Brothers Larsen and Kingman have been constant at the weekly meetings. Mrs. Judge Chamberlain has kept her library in circulation. The Bible and Tract Societies have been liberal in grants; to all I return sincere thanks. I have presented the cause in 32 Churches, at 6 Conferences of Churches, 1 State Conference, 3 S. S. Concerts, 1 S. S. Convention, and 3 Missionary Con-

ventions. 146 new and 69 second-hand libraries have been sent out. When not absent on official duties, I have been a constant co-laborer in the Salem and Mariners' Church in Boston."

Nor is his eye yet dim or his natural strength abated. H.

New York and Vicinity.

Mr. C. A. BORELLA, our faithful missionary at the SAILORS' HOME submits a report of his labors for the year 1874, which is of unusual interest.

After expressing his devout gratitude to God, for personal blessings, he says that the Saturday evening meetings at the HOME have generally been well attended, during the year, and that family worship there has been regularly maintained, morning and evening. At the former meetings there have often been evidences of very deep feeling among those present, and by their influence "some, we believe, have been brought to the Saviour." The seamen of different nationalities have been duly supplied with Bibles and Testaments, in their own languages, together with other religious reading matter, when leaving for sea. Besides conversing with seamen and holding more private religious meetings with them at the HOME, Mr. BORELLA has frequently visited sailors' boarding-houses in the lower part of the city, as well as vessels in the harbor, and occasionally the seamen's hospitals. A part of his time has also been spent in visiting seamen's families in and around the district where the home is located. Here he has often relieved distress and destitution, from funds specifically intrusted to him. He speaks of a most fruitful and promising condition of things at the Church of the Sea and Land, corner of Market and Henry streets, with which he is connected. About half its attendance is made up from seamen and their families. As evidence of the spiritual blessing which has lately been experienced at the HOME, we print the following letter just

received by Mr. BORELLA, from a seaman who left New York a short time since:

"MARINERS' HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

"*Dear Brother:*—You will be surprised when you read this, and hear that my precious Saviour has plucked me as a brand from the burning, pardoned my sins and given me the blessed assurance of a life of happiness beyond the tide, after a life of sin, as you know, for forty years. In his boundless love he forgave me all. Not a taunt did he make as to my former life, but in one moment, when I plead at the foot of the cross, as a poor lost sinner, for his mercy, did he speak the words, three weeks ago last Friday night, which made me present my heart in gratitude. Oh! brother, to think of my past ingratitude to Him that came down from his high seat in heaven, and lived a life of sorrow, doing good, blessing poor fallen mankind as no one else could, and dying a cruel death on the cross—all for me—while I for forty years have done nothing but evil to His holy name, crowning Him, anew, with thorns! But when I went to him in my anguish, he freely forgave, and bestowed on me the peace that passeth all understanding, so humbling me to the very dust. Now, dear brother, as I commune with Him in my room, from time to time, he draws near and soothes my sinful soul. As I think of Him, too, when I close my eyes, I know his guardian angels are around me to protect me from harm, or to convey my soul to Him who paid the ransom.

"The Holy Spirit is doing a good work here; many are being interested. Some are brought to light, and receive from their Saviour pardon and peace, so that those who came here a few days ago in Satan's ranks, are now loving soldiers of the cross. Verily the house is God's house. I could not help writing to you, for I know that you will rejoice to know that God, in His mercy, has spared me to receive this great comfort. May His peace be with you, as with me. Please write me, if you can find time, for it will be much prized."

Mr. A. WOLLESON, a Scandinavian missionary, accustomed to labor among seamen, is hereafter to be associated with Mr. BORELLA, devoting himself chiefly to sailors coming from Northern Europe.

Rev. Mr. BATES continues to hold Sabbath and week-day service in the Brooklyn Bethel, and does a great amount of pastoral work in his section of the

city, and among a population where he is greatly loved.

Rev. Mr. HELLAND remains at the Seamen's Retreat, doing good service for the sick and dying in that institution.

Obituary.

WILLIAM H. ASPINWALL.

This well-known merchant and philanthropist, died January 18th, at his residence No. 33 University Place, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. All through his useful life he was a devoted friend to the SEAMEN'S CAUSE, and at the time of his death, one of the honored Vice-Presidents of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

THE LATE CHARLES N. TALBOT.

Action of the Trustees at their regular monthly meeting, January 27th.

"The Directors of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY would record their sense of the personal worth and public usefulness of their esteemed friend and fellow-laborer, the late CHAS. N. TALBOT, one of the Vice-Presidents of this Society.

He was a Trustee from 1834 to 1862, and Treasurer from 1835 to 1862—*twenty-seven years*—and an annual contributor to its funds to the last year of his life. Whenever its Treasury was seriously embarrassed to meet drafts from foreign chaplaincies, and urgent demands for home work, he never allowed a draft or demand to be dishonored, so that at one time the Society was his debtor to the amount of several thousand dollars.

And his judicious counsel was always of more value than his pecuniary aid.

Of all the early friends of this Society, who gave time, counsel and money cheerfully and freely for the social and moral improvement of seamen; of all who co-operated cordially and wisely in the doings of this Board, no one more deserves a tribute of grateful acknowledgment.

To the widow and family, and other relatives of our much-esteemed friend

and brother, this Board tenders its hearty sympathy and christian condolence."

"The Memory of the Just is blessed."

PROV. X: 7.

To the Editor of the Sailors' Magazine:

Dear Sir,—You will confer a favor on many of the friends of Seamen by inserting in your MAGAZINE the enclosed obituary notice, taken from the columns of the *N. Y. Observer*, of an esteemed christian lady, who gave much of her time and influence for nearly forty years to efforts for the amelioration of the physical, moral and spiritual condition of seamen.

I became acquainted with Mrs. Potts while I was yet a sailor, some thirty-five years ago. She was then in the midst of her self-denying and benevolent career, full of disinterested kindness, and giving herself to labors of love among the needy.

She was not only a manager of the Female Seamen's Friend Society, as therein stated, but also an active and efficient worker. As a member of the Sailor's Home Committee, on which she served for many years, she took an unusual interest in all that pertained to the domestic comfort of the inmates of that institution, looking personally not only to their bedding and to the cleanliness of their rooms, but also descending to the inspection of the dining and culinary arrangements. She was a woman of superior business capacity, having conducted for years, as the head of the firm, one of the largest retail establishments of Philadelphia, forty years ago. Being in possession of large means, she used them for the good of others, giving her time as freely as her money for their benefit. Having been myself materially assisted by her counsel and liberality, while prosecuting my studies for the ministry, and having had many tokens of her friendship and sympathy, during my

entire college and seminary course, I desire to give expression to my individual appreciation of her many virtues, and to record this tribute to her memory. For, like Dorcas of the early Church, "*this woman was full of good works, and alms-deeds which she did.*" J.

POTTS—Died, on the 4th inst., at Elizabeth City, New Jersey, of pneumonia, after a week of severe suffering, Mrs. Sarah A. Potts, in the 86th year of her age. Mrs. Potts was formerly of Philadelphia, where she was well and widely known for her consistent piety and untiring philanthropy. She was for many years one of the managers of the Female Seamen's Friend Society, in that city, and in that position gave much of her time and means for the relief of the needy and destitute of all classes. The death of her only son, at sea, gave her a special interest in the spiritual necessities of seamen, some of whom—who were aided by her liberality in procuring an education—are in the ministry to-day. She died in the triumphs of faith.

She has fallen asleep on the Saviour's breast,
Her race of life is run;
The victor's palm and the olive are her's,
For the battle's strife is done.

Angels rejoiced at the bonds of clay,
That fettered her soul, were riven;
They welcomed her up to the realms of day,
And they greet her, *now*, in heaven.

Sailors' Home, 190 Cherry Street.

Mr. ALEXANDER reports one hundred and fifty-four arrivals at the HOME, during the month of December.

These deposited with him \$1,623, of which the sum of \$728 was sent to relatives; \$200 were placed in Savings Banks, and the balance returned to depositors.

In the same time seventeen men went to sea from the HOME, without advance, and nine were sent to the Hospital. During the year 1874, the whole number of arrivals at the HOME were 2,327; and total deposits \$32,304; a good showing.

The religious interest at the HOME, is on the increase, decidedly.

Position of the Planets, for February, 1875.

MERCURY is an evening star, during this month; is at its greatest brilliancy on the 10th; on the evening of this day it sets at 6h. 55m., and south of west 10° 21'; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 12th, at 6h. 38m., being 3° 22' north; is at its greatest elongation east on the evening of the 13th, at 8h. 27m., being then 18° 9' away from the sun; is stationary among the stars on the afternoon of the 4th.

VENUS is a morning star, rising on the 1st at 4h. 10m., and south of east 25° 26'; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 2d, at 8h. 30m., being 9° 5' north; is at its greatest elongation west on the morning of the 18th, at 3h. 42m., being then 46° 49' from the sun.

MARS is considered a morning star, until the forenoon of the 26th, at 10h. 2m., when it is in quadrature with the sun to the west; is not in conjunction with the moon during this month.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st, at 5h. 14m., being 10° 41' south of the equator; is stationary among the stars on the morning of the 15th; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 25th, at 2h. 7m., being 20° 55' north.

SATURN is an evening star until the afternoon of the 5th, at 4h. 51m., where it is in conjunction with the sun, after which time it becomes a morning star, during the remainder of the month; is in conjunction with the moon on the morning of the 6th, at 16m. past midnight, being 3° 48' north.

R. H. B.

N. Y. University.

Total Disasters in December.

The number of vessels belonging to, or bound to or from ports in the United States, reported totally lost and missing during the past month, is 38, of which 22 were wrecked, 3 abandoned, 2 burned, 5 foundered, 1 sunk by collision, and 5 are missing. They are classed as follows, viz: 1 steamer, 3 ships, 11 barks, 3 brigs, and 20

schooners, and their total value, exclusive of cargoes, is estimated at \$970,000.

Below is the list, giving names, destinations, &c. Those indicated by a *w* were wrecked, *a* abandoned, *b* burned, *sc* sunk by collision, *f* foundered, and *m* missing.

STEAMERS.

Japan, *b*. from Yokohama for Hong Kong.

SHIPS.

John Bright, *w*. from New York for San Francisco.

Mary Bangs, *w*. from San Francisco for Altata.

Horatio, *b*. (At Shanghai.)

BARKS.

Lion, *a*. from Brem'rhay'n for New Orleans.
 Lete, *w*. from New York for Beyrout.
 Gertrude, *m*. from Pt. Johnson for Portland.
 Kedar, *f*. from Phillipine Is. for Hong Kong.
 Veteran, *w*. from Shields for Pensacola.
 Lyttleton, *w*. (At Algoa Bay. C. G. H.)
 Helen Campbell, *m*. from Charleston for London.
 Resource, *a*. from Baltimore for London.
 Amity, *f*. from Philadelphia for Antwerp.
 Capiolani, *a*. from Brisbane for San Francisco.
 Edwin, *w*. from Utsalady for Adelaide.

BRIGS.

Amos M. Roberts, *w*. from Frontera for Tonala.
 Sibal, *w*. from Wilmington, N. C. for Liverpool.
 Cito, *w*. from Hamburg for Savannah.

SCHOONERS.

Jas. Bradley, *f*. from Richmond for Philadelphia.
 Webster Kelly, *w*. from Philadelphia for Boston.
 Shawmut, *w*. from Boston for Sullivan, Me.
 Clara Grove, *s. c*. from Hoboken for Chelsea, Mass.
 Emily S., *w*. from Frederickton, N. B. for Providence.
 Resolute, *w*. from Kingston, Ja. for San Andreas.
 J. W. Rumsey, *w*. from Louisburg, C. B. for Eastport.
 G. M. Partridge, *w*. from Baltimore for Belfast.
 Anna C. Leverett, *w*. from Galveston for San Luis Pass.
 G. G. Kidder, *m*. (Fisherman.)
 Angelina, *w*. from Philadelphia for San Andreas.
 Belle Bartlett, *f*. from Virginia for New Haven.
 Miranda, *f*. from Virginia for New Haven.
 Margaret Ann, *w*. from St. John, N. B. for Boston.
 P. Boston, *w*. from Richmond for New York.
 Allison, *w*. from Moncton, N. B. for Pembroke, Me.
 Lydia Crowell, *m*. (Fisherman.)
 David Crowell, *m*. (Fisherman.)
 Helen A. Locke, *w*. from Mayaguez for New York.
 Frank Treat, *w*. from Aspinwall for West Coast.

The number of vessels belonging to or trading with ports in the United States reported totally lost and missing during the year 1874, together with those of the previous year, and their estimated value, are given in the following

RECAPITULATION :

1874.	Ste'a's.	Ships.	Barks.	Brigs.	Sch's.	Total.	Value.
January.....	3	6	7	2	20	38	\$924,000
February.....	3	5	10	6	12	36	825 000
March.....	4	9	3	13	29		500,000
April.....	3	6	13	8	14	44	2,162 000
May.....	2	10	6	12	30		475,000
June.....	2	5	3	2	5	17	480,000
July.....	.	.	6	1	12	19	142,000
August.....	3	2	3	2	11	21	885,000
September.....	3	3	5	2	9	19	330,000
October.....	2	4	9	4	8	27	593,000
November.....	2	2	5	7	17	33	460,000
December.....	1	3	11	3	20	38	970,000
Total for the year.....	19	42	91	46	153	351	\$8,786,000

. 1873.

January.....	4	6	6	6	19	41	\$1,514,000
February.....	3	10	16	5	15	49	1,356,000
March.....	4	8	21	6	11	50	1,320,000
April.....	3	7	9	8	23	47	1,900,000
May.....	1	2	4	3	6	16	300,000
June.....	—	2	10	2	8	22	440,000
July.....	1	1	2	5	10	19	497,000
August.....	2	4	2	6	20	34	690,060
September.....	1	1	10	8	31	52	604,000
October.....	1	3	6	11	33	59	718,000
November.....	2	4	7	3	26	42	720,000
December.....	2	3	9	1	13	28	1,600,000
Total for the year.....	24	51	102	64	218	459	\$11,783,000

DISASTERS IN OCTOBER.—The Committee of Management of the Bureau Veritas has just published the list of maritime disasters reported during the month of October, 1874, concerning all flags. This list gives the following statistics:

Sailing vessels reported lost—210, viz: 105 English, 23 French, 21 Norwegian, 18 German, 11 Dutch, 7 Danish, 7 Swedish, 4 Italian, 4 Russian, 3 American, 2 Austrian, 2 Spanish, 1 Portuguese, and two of which the nationality is unknown. In this number are included 5 sailing vessels reported missing.

Steamers reported lost—12, viz: 4 English, 4 French, 1 Dutch, 1 Norwegian, 1 Spanish and 1 Swedish. In this number are included 2 steamers reported missing.

Receipts for December, 1874.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brookline, Cong. ch., to const. Gov. S.	
Hull, L. M.....	\$30 00
Dunbarton, Cong. church.....	7 35
Goffstown, Cong. ch., to const. Rev. S.	
R. Gerard, L. M.....	30 00
Mrs. D. J. Allen, library.....	20 00
Newmarket, Cong. church.....	18 10
West Lebanon, Cong. ch., \$20 for lib'y	34 30
Windham, Eliza Hill.....	5 00

VERMONT.

Berlin, Cong. church.....	4 00
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury and Salisbury, M. E. ch....	13 87
Amherst, 1st Cong. church.....	24 93
Prof. W. L. Montague, library.....	20 00
Ashburnham, M. E. church.....	2 85
Ballardvale, Union Society.....	5 00
Boxboro, Cong. church.....	5 00
Boxford, Cong. church.....	11 50
Brockton, Horace Ames.....	5 00

Chelsea, 1st Cong. church.....	23 30	Castile, M. E. church.....	3 40
Schr. M. Downer, Capt. Thompson.....	1 20	Pres. church.....	11 55
Rev. S. R. Wells (Western India)...	5 00	Champlain, Pres. church S. S.....	12 87
Clinton, Mrs. Winters' S. S. class for library.....	20 00	Fleming, A. Friend.....	2 00
East Bridgewater, L. Hatch.....	3 00	Fonda, M. E. church.....	5 00
East Weymouth, Lovell's Corner ch..	2 00	Ref. church, library \$20.....	31 00
Lanesville, Cong. church.....	4 00	Genesee, Mrs. B. Ayrault.....	1 00
Leominster, Cong. church.....	14 75	Holland Patent, Pres. church.....	7 50
Lowell, Mrs. M. K. Page, library.....	20 00	McGrawville, M. E. church.....	5 51
High St. ch., \$60 for lib'y.....	105 84	Mr. Stone.....	2 21
Emily Rogers, lib'y.....	20 00	Medina, Mrs. Nancy J. L. Bayne, Memorial library.....	20 00
Monson, Dea. A. W. Porter.....	50 00	Meridian, T. R. Townsend.....	2 00
North Adams, S. S. Cong. ch. for lib'y	20 00	Mumford, W. P. church.....	7 25
North Brookfield, 1st Cong. ch. to const. J. E. Porter and W. H. Montague, L. M.'s.....	60 00	New York City, bark F. Dennis, Capt. B. A. Abbott.....	2 00
North Reading, 1st Cong. ch for lib'y.	20 00	Sch. L. M. Knowles, Capt. M. N. Dinsmore.....	2 00
North Weymouth, " ".....	30 59	Brig A. C. Titcomb, Capt. E. Devan	1 50
North Wychendon, " S. S. "	20 00	Ship Garnet, Capt. Oliver, wife, officers and crew.....	18 00
Norton, Rev. F. Atkinson, for lib'y...	20 00	Bark Nile, Capt. John O. Spicer....	5 00
Pittsfield John Spencer.....	1 00	John Taylor Johnston.....	50 00
John Tatlock.....	1 00	Well Wisher, library.....	20 00
Raynham, Cong. church.....	11 25	Mrs. G. B. Grinnell.....	100 00
Rev. A. Mann.....	5 00	Second St. M. E. ch. S. S., library..	20 00
Reading, Bethesda ch., \$40 for lib'y...	70 00	John Turner, Memorial lib'y of Lizzie M. Turner.....	20 00
West Attleboro, Cong. church.....	10 00	H. W. and friends, library.....	20 00
Westford, Rev. E. Hodgeman.....	50	Mrs. C. C. Darling.....	2 00
West Medway, Cong. ch., \$20 for lib'y	39 79	S. B. Schieffelin.....	30 00
A Life Member.....	85	Fifth Avenue Hotel.....	25 00
Wrentham, Rev. Mr. Tompkins, \$10..	26 00	Mrs. E. F. Woolsey.....	100 00
Yarmouth, Cong. ch. S. S. lib'y.....	20 00	Henry A. Hurlbut.....	150 00
RHODE ISLAND.			
Central Falls, Cong. church.....	50 00	Estate E. Withington.....	25 00
Pawtucket, " ".....	24 10	W. R. Powell.....	25 00
CONNECTICUT.			
Bridgeport, Park church.....	20 00	— E., library.....	20 00
Broad Brook, Cong. church.....	12 50	H. C. Van Vorst.....	5 00
Birmingham, "E. H.".....	2 00	Estate H. H. Munsell, per Jabez E. Munsell, Exr.....	33 96 32
Clinton, Mrs. M. G. Griffing.....	1 00	Unknown.....	3 00
Darien S. S. Cong. ch., Memorial lib'y.		North Granville, Mrs. A. A. Carr....	1 00
Scholars deceased in 1874 viz: Henry Morehouse, Ida F. Paul, Annie E. Irish.....	20 00	Penfield, Bapt. church.....	9 56
Greenville, Cong. ch. to const. William H. Gray, L. M., \$40; S. S. for lib'y, \$20.....	60 00	Rhinebeck, Thomas H. Suckley.....	25 00
Guilford, Mrs. Mary G. Chittenden to const. John C. Parsons and Miss Sarah Brown, L. M.'s.....	100 00	Rochester, D. Dickey.....	4 00
Lebanon, William Huntington.....	1 00	Sag Harbor, George Bassett.....	4 00
New Haven, A. Friend (C. E. O.).....	5 00	Syracuse, Ref. ch., add'l., with prev. dona. to const. J. C. Mix, L. M.....	2 00
North Haven, Mrs. Geo. E. Blakeslee.	3 00	Wilson, Union Service.....	12 00
Norwich, First Cong. church.....	45 17	Yonkers, Infant Class Ref. ch., lib'y..	20 00
Broadway Tabernacle ch. to const. Thos. Cosgrove and Henry E. Griswold, L. M.'s.....	107 24	NEW JERSEY.	
Plainfield, Cong. church.....	9 40	Newark, Second Pres. ch., add'l.....	12 03
Stamford, Pres. ch. of wh. \$30 to const. Rev. Evert Van Slyke, L. M., and John D. Hamilton, lib's \$40.....	142 56	Mrs. Rev. W. B. Brown.....	1 00
1st Cong. ch. S. S., Young Ladies' Class, for library.....	20 00	W. B. Mott.....	5 00
Thomaston, Cong. ch.....	22 45	Frederick Nichols, lib'y.....	20 00
Westbrook Jos. E. Stannard.....	1 00	Orange, Second Pres. ch.....	133 82
Woodbury, North Cong. church.....	15 00	Central.....	22 00
A. W. Mitchell.....	5 00	Schraalenburg, Rev. Dr. Gordon.....	1 00
1st Cong. church, additional.....	6 00	PENNSYLVANIA.	
NEW YORK.			
Brewerton, M. E. church.....	5 40	Bloomsburgh, Mrs. M. L. Neal.....	5 00
Disciples' church.....	7 50	Wilkesbarre, Rev. W. W. Loomis....	5 00
Buffalo, Mrs. Chas. Rossel.....	50 00	ILLINOIS.	
J. M. Richmond.....	25 00	Newark, John M. Mason.....	1 00
Fred'k. B. Curtis.....	10 00	MICHIGAN.	
Miss E. H. Yates.....	20 00	Detroit, Bap. ch., Cass Ave., library..	25 00
Barnes & Bancroft.....	15 00	MINNESOTA.	
Mrs. H. Bennett.....	5 00	East Castle Rock, O. Stegner.....	5 00
Caledonia, W. P.....	11 63	IOWA.	
Pres. church.....	15 00	Keasanqua, John W. Windsor.....	1 00
Camden, Pres. church.....	5 85		
M. E. church.....	11 80		

\$6,181 59

CLOTHING.

Madison, Ct., Ladies' Union Society, two quilts and three pairs socks.

\$6,181 59

CLOTHING.

Madison, Ct., Ladies' Union Society, two quilts and three pairs socks.



February.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [1875.

Our Library Department.

HISTORICAL SKETCH

No. I.

Though it has been customary for many years for the friends of Seamen to furnish libraries for vessels going to sea, no systematic plan for doing this was adopted until, in 1859, the American Seamen's Friend Society adopted their present plan. Instead of *giving* the libraries to particular ships or individuals going to sea, they are *loaned* to such seamen, officers or common sailors as incline to take them for use among their ship's company. Each library contains from forty to fifty volumes, put up in a neat case and numbered so that a history of each one can be kept. The first three libraries were furnished and sent to sea about the same time, rather as an experiment than with the expectation that more would be called for, the opinion being generally expressed that "*sailors could not read the books.*" The library numbered (1) was given by Mrs. Chas. Jessup, of Westfield, Mass., and those numbered 2 and 3 were given by the Sabbath School of the Olivet Church, Springfield, Mass., under the care of Mr. Edward Ingersoll, Supt. When a general plan for supplying ships with libraries was presented to Mrs. Jessup, she said: "Let it be done; it can do no hurt

and may do much good." She then related a conversation which she had recently had with Miss Fidelia Fisk, who had just returned from her missionary field, and who in crossing the ocean had been much impressed and affected by the destitution of seamen in regard to religious reading, and wondered if something could not be done to supply this want. This conversation had made a deep impression upon the mind of Mrs. Jessup, and she said she was ready to take the first library and "give the plan a start." She gave five dollars, promising that she would give the rest as soon as her cow, whose milk she was in the habit of selling, enabled her to give the rest. The library was sent to sea, and in due time the money came. It went to sea in March, 1859, in the brig *Susan Emily*, care of Peter Dennison, who became a Christian probably by the influence of the library. It was afterward transferred to a ship bound for Europe, and heard from several times as "being much used and doing much good."

In 1860 it was left at the Sailors' Home, in New Orleans, where it "arrested much attention and was much read." In 1861 it returned to Boston much worn, having done good service among four ship's crews, and at the Sailors' Home, in New Orleans. It was sent to sea, on its fifth voyage, in a much dilapidated

state, and has not been heard from since.

When the same subject was presented to Mr. Ingersoll, he gave it his hearty cooperation, and having had some experience of sea life, added valuable suggestions and appealed to the Sabbath School for help in the good work. Two libraries were contributed and numbered 2 and 3. No. 2 was put into the hands of a sailor who had recently been converted in Boston. This sailor had fallen a victim to the intoxicating cup, and while wandering about among the haunts of intemperance, received a letter from his mother informing him of the death of his sister. In the letter were ten violet leaves which had grown upon the grave of his sister. He read the letter and thought of his broken-hearted mother, and his dear little sister who was in her grave in the old burying ground at home, and of his own miserable condition. In his distress he was induced to go to the prayer-meeting. Here his letter was read, and a request was made that all should unite in prayer for him. He was soon converted, and went on board the U. S. Receiving Ship *Ohio*, taking with him Library No. 2. Afterwards he was transferred to the U. S. Ship *Hartford*, 400 men, bound for China, keeping the library with him. Here he circulated his books and met with the pious sailors for prayer. An interesting revival commenced on board the vessel, and while at sea he wrote: "There is a great work of God going forward on board this ship. Morning and evening more than 300 assemble for prayers. By our captain's advice, on Sunday, we were all sitting by ourselves during the service to sing the songs of Zion. The ship rang with the songs of redeeming grace. In face of officers and men we testified what the Lord had done for us. There were five of our officers with tears running down their cheeks, and many more with their faces hid in their caps. The Commodore said he never saw the like before—sailors preaching Jesus and imploring their shipmates to come to Christ."

When the vessel arrived at Hong Kong the pious sailors went ashore to the *American Seamen's Chapel*, and talked of Christ and the great salvation. "In the evening," the chaplain then stationed at that port writes, "the chapel was crowded, and more than twenty talked and prayed. It is not the chaplain that is bringing souls to salvation, but Christ working by means of the chaplain."

A Warning.

A young lady, visiting at the house of a friend, in Philadelphia, was invited to go to church on the Sabbath; a bright morning in February, 1857. She consented, and went—gay, and cheerful, and thoughtless. The minister announced as a text, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Prov. 27: 1.) The sermon was impressive; the services throughout peculiarly calculated to leave a lasting impression on every heart. The minister seemed to feel (and paused to remark during the sermon) that this was the *last* sermon for some one in that house.

The young lady, on the way home, criticised the sermon and the minister severely. She sneered at its solemn truths. She laughed at the serious train of thought in the discourse. In a trifling way, she found fault with the minister's treatment of the text. Said she: "I do not believe in this thing of death coming so soon. A minister has no business to preach in that way. Why, I'll insure all the lives there, for *twenty-four hours*, for a *six-pence*."

That Sabbath night that young lady died. In the morning she was a gay, thoughtless trifle. At midnight she was in eternity.

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools." H. A. B.

LIBRARY REPORTS.

During December, 1874, seventy-five libraries, (forty-one new, and thirty-four refitted), were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 4,395, 4,396, 4,397, 4,398, 4,399, 4,400, 4,600, 4,601, 4,602, 4,603, 4,605, 4,606, 4,607, 4,608, and 4,609, at Boston; with Nos. 5,359-5,372, inclusive, and Nos. 5,374-5,385, inclusive, at New York, as follows:

No. of Library.	By whom furnished.	Where placed.	Bound for.	Men in Crew.
4395..	Mrs. D. J. Allen, Goffstown, N. H.....	U. S. Revenue Cutter Levi Woodbury.....	Cruising.....	40
4396..	Cong. church, Bristol, R. I.....	Ship John Pascal.....	Liverpool.....	26
4397..	Rev. S. W. Segur and others, West Medway, Mass.....	Bark Marathon.....	Australia.....	11
4398..	Miss M. K. Page, Lowell, Mass.....	Bark H. J. Libbey.....	Melbourne.....	12
4399..	Cong. church, North Reading, Mass....	Ship Spartan.....	San Francisco.....	20
4400..	S. S., North Winchendon, Mass.....	Bark Canton.....	Pacific Ocean.....	30
4600..	Bethesda church, Reading, Mass.....	Bark Edward Kidder....	Bombay.....	18
4601..	" " " "	Bark Wealthy Pendleton	Batavia.....	15
4602..	Mrs. A. K. Winters, Clinton, Mass.....	Schr. Henry D. May.....	Coasting.....	7
4603..	S. S., Cong. church, Falmouth, Mass....	Ship Lucille Fremont....	East Indies.....	11
4605..	Rev. T. Atkinson, Norton, Mass.....	Bark Annie Lewis.....	Valparaiso.....	17
4606..	Mrs. Maria De Wolf Rogers, Bristol, R.I.	Bark Com. Dupont.....	West Indies.....	11
4607..	Miss Charlotte De Wolf, " " " "	Bark T. L. Sweat.....	West Indies.....	15
4608..	S. S., Cong. church, Chelsea, Mass.....	Ship J. B. Brown.....	San Francisco.....	18
4609..	Capt. Hemingway's S. S. class, Winchester, Mass.....	Schr. Gen'l Connor.....	West Indies.....	7
5359..	S. S., Cong. church, Chester, Conn.....	Bark Georgietta.....	Mediterranean....	10
5360..	S. S., Lafayette Ave. Bap. church, De- troit, Mich.....	Bark Victoria Perez.....	Maracaibo.....	10
5361..	Mrs. Lockwood and daughters, Bing- hamton, N. Y.....	Bark Templar.....	Leghorn.....	13
5362..	S. S., Ref. church, Canajoharie, N. Y....	Bark Keystone.....	Europe.....	12
5363..	S. S., Pres. church, Binghamton, N. Y....	Bark Iron Age.....	{ Galveston and Europe.....	15
5364..	Mrs. and Miss Sterling, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....	Bark Rosina.....	Melbourne.....	14
5365..	"Well Wisher," New York City.....	Ship St. Paul.....	San Francisco.....	30
5366..	S. S., Cong. church, Trumbull, Conn....	Bark J. H. Pearson.....	Europe.....	11
5367..	W. H. Childs, Niagara Falls, N. Y.....	Bark Lilian.....	Leghorn.....	10
5368..	Mrs. Chas. Platt, Owego, N. Y.....	Ship Oriental.....	San Francisco.....	16
5369..	S. S., M. E. church, Ansonia, Conn.....	Bark J. S. Whitney.....	Europe.....	14
5370..	Mrs. G. Porter, Niagara Falls, N. Y....	Ship Fawn.....	Glasgow.....	17
5371..	John Turner, New York City.....	Ship Rosie Welt.....	San Francisco.....	30
5372..	S. S., Bap. church, Elbridge, N. Y.....	Bark Ada.....	Europe.....	16
5374..	S. S., Pres. church, Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.....	Ship Neptune.....	San Francisco.....	30
5375..	S. S., Central Pres. church, New York City.....	Ship Sumatra.....	Hong Kong.....	27
5376..	Frederick Nichols, Newark, N. J.....	Ship Highland Light....	San Francisco.....	25
5377..	Infant class, S. S., Ref. church, Yon- kers, N. Y.....	Ship Saratoga.....	San Francisco.....	26
5378..	S. S., Lafayette Ave. Unit'n church, De- troit, Mich.....	Schr. Henry Lippitt.....	{ Batavia & East Indies.....	9
5379..	Prof. W. L. Montague, Amherst, Mass.	Bark Thomas A. Goddard	Yokohama.....	14
5380..	S. S., Cong. church, No. Adams, Mass.	Ship Messenger.....	Shanghai.....	22
5381..	S. S., Second Street M. E. church, New York City.....	Schr. Susan P. Thurlow.	Beirut and Egypt.	11
5382..	Mrs. Hannah Whitton and friends, New York City.....	Brig Emma L. Shaw....	Dunkirk.....	10
5383..	Ira Taylor's class, S. S., 1st Pres. ch., Bergen, N. J.....	Ship Alexander.....	Callao, S. A.....	25
5384..	David Dodd, Orange, N. J.....	Bark Vibilia.....	Liverpool.....	16
5385..	Bap. church, Cass Ave., Detroit, Mich.	Ship Trimountain.....	Callao, S. A.....	26

The thirty-four Libraries refitted and re-shipped, were :

No. 940, on brig *Starlight*, for Trinidad; No. 1,538, on schr. *Ben*, for Wilmington; No. 1,699, on schr. *L. & M. Knowles*, for Cuba; No. 1,907, read with interest, gone to Halifax on brig *Arabella*; No. 2,564, on steamer *Vesper*, for

coastwise; No. 2,574, read with profit, gone to Sagua on schr. *Silver Spray*; No. 2,638, on schr. *Silver Star* for Para; No. 2,730, books were the means of much good to all, gone to Trinidad on schr. *W. G. R. Mowry*; No. 3,346, on brig *H. G. Rich*, for Cuba; No. 3,394, all read, books read and highly prized, gone

to West Indies on brig *A. C. Titcomb*; No. 3,552, on schr. *E. Fisher* for Barbadoes; No. 3,699, on schr. *H. E. Riley*, for St. Thomas; No. 3,824, on schr. *Howard*, for Barbadoes; No. 3,853, on bark *Canada*, for Europe; No. 3,975, books read and highly prized, gone to Havana on brig *Faustina*; No. 4,220, on schr. *F. Emery*, for coastwise; No. 4,542, on schr. *A. Hall*, for Savannah; No. 4,716, on ship *Castine*, for Singapore; No. 4,914, on schr. *J. Bayles*, for Key West; No. 4,951, on schr. *F. Rogers*, for Galveston; No. 4,996, on schr. *Paul & Thompson*, for coastwise; No. 5,029, been to Europe, books read with interest, gone to Vera Cruz on schr. *Santa Rosa*; No. 5,044, read and gone to New Orleans on schr. *A. E. Kranz*; No. 5,218, on schr. *J. Borden*, for New Orleans; No. 5,226, read with interest, gone to Marseilles on brig *Goodwin*.

No. 114, returned, books read and re-read, has been fifteen years at sea, gone to Surinam on brig *Nebo*, 15 men; No. 918, returned, refitted and gone to West Indies on brig *C. Robinson*, 9 men; No. 2,546, returned much used, refitted and gone to West Indies on sch. *M. C. Downing*, Capt. Thompson, 8 men; No. 2,762, has returned from its third voyage and gone to West Indies on brig *Henry P. Denny*, 9 men, has been much used; No. 3,659, returned much worn, refitted and sent to sea on sch. *E. R. Emerson*, for West Indies; Nos. 3,723 and 4,016 are in the Sailors' Reading Room, in New Orleans, from twenty to sixty sailors are usually present and usefully occupied in reading the books; No. 4,049 returned, books all read, gone to sea in good condition on bark *C. L. Pearson*, 10 men, for West Indies; No. 5,050, returned, books all read with interest, gone to West Indies on sch. *E. Leonard*, 8 men.

LOST LIBRARY REPLACED.

Library No. 3,068, given by Robert Rogers, of Bristol, R. I., went one voyage to South America, in bark *Merrimac*, and was much used and very useful. The

bark was sunk in Boston Bay, on its return, having been run into by the steamer *Aleppo*, Capt. Nichols, and the crew were saved by the boats of the *Aleppo*, and carried to Liverpool. On his return to the United States, he brought a suit against the owners and recovered the value of the vessel, including the library, which he has replaced by the payment of \$20.

"Fying my Kite, Sir."

A little boy sat on a doorstep, in the twilight, when a gentleman passing said, "what are you doing, my boy?" "Flying my kite, sir," was the reply. "I don't see any kite," said the gentleman. "Nor do I, sir," said the boy, "but I can feel it PULL." And so, though we cannot see heaven, we can feel it pull, for where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also.

Little Things.

The little things you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews fall upon the vineyards. If it is nothing but a kind word to a school-boy crying in the street, it dries his tears, and the aching heart grows light and glad again. Who knows what cloud of darkness one kind word may dispel?

Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not.
Always hath the daylight broken—
Always hath He comfort spoken—
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

American Seamen's Friend Society.

R. P. BUCK, *President*.
S. H. HALL, *Cor. Sec. & Treas.*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent*.
80 Wall Street, New York.

District Secretaries:

Rev. S. W. HANKS, Cong'l House, Boston.
Rev. H. BEEBE, New Haven, Conn.

LIFE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS.

A payment of Five Dollars makes an Annual Member, and Thirty Dollars at one time constitutes a Life Member; One Hundred Dollars, or a sum which in addition to a previous payment makes One Hundred Dollars, a life Director.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

"I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1833, the sum of \$—, to be applied to the charitable uses and purposes of the said Society."

Three witnesses should state that the testator declared this to be his last will and testament, and that they signed it at his request, and in his presence and the presence of each other.

SHIPS' LIBRARIES.

Loan Libraries for ships are furnished at the offices, 80 Wall Street, N. Y., and 13 Congregationalist House, Boston, at the shortest notice. Bibles and Testaments in various languages may be had either at the office, or at the Depository of the New York Bible Society, 7 Beekman Street.

SAVINGS BANKS FOR SEAMEN.

All respectable Savings' Banks are open to deposits from Seamen, which will be kept safely and secure regular instalments of interest. Seamen's Savings' Banks as such are established in New York, 74-6 Wall Street and 189 Cherry Street, and Boston, Tremont Street, open daily between 10 and 3 o'clock.

SAILORS' HOMES.

LOCATION.	ESTABLISHED BY	KEEPERS.
NEW YORK, 190 Cherry Street.....	Amer. Sea. Friend Society.	Fred'k Alexander.
BOSTON, 99 Purchase Street.....	Boston " " "	Cpts. Henry & Robert Smith.
PHILADELPHIA, 422 South Front St..	Penn. " " "	Capt. J. T. Robinson.
WILMINGTON, cor. Front & Dock Sts.	Wilm. Sea. Friend Society.	Capt. W. J. Penton.
CHARLESTON, S. C.....	Charleston Port Society...	Capt. Peter Smith.
MOBILE, Ala.....	Ladies' Sea. Fr'nd Society.	Geo. Ernst Findeisen.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.....	" " "	—
HONOLULU, S. I.....	Honolulu " "	Mrs. Crabbe.

INDEPENDENT SOCIETIES AND PRIVATE SAILOR BOARDING HOUSES

NEW YORK, 338 Pearl Street.....	Epis. Miss. Soc. for Seamen	Edward Rode.
4 Catharine Lane, (colored).....	do.	G. F. Thompson.
BOSTON, N. Square, Mariners House..	Boston Seamen's Aid Soc'y.	N. Hamilton.
NEW BEDFORD, 14 Bethel Court.....	Ladies' Br. N. B. P. S.....	Mr. & Mrs. H. G. O. Nye.
BALTIMORE, 65 Thames Street.....	Seamen's Union Bethel Soc.	Edward Kirby.

MARINERS' CHURCHES.

LOCATION.	SUSTAINED BY	MINISTERS
NEW YORK, Catharine, cor. Madison cor. Water and Dover Streets....	New York Port Society...	Rev. E. D. Murphy.
Foot of Pike Street, E. R.....	Mission " " "	" B. F. Millard.
Foot of Hubert Street, N. R.....	Episcopal Miss. Society...	" Robt. J. Walker,
Open air Service, Coenties Slip...	" " " "	" H. F. Roberts.
Swedish & English, pier 11, N. R.	Methodist.....	" Isaac Maguire.
Oliver, cor. Henry Street.....	Baptist.....	" O. G. Hedstrom.
Cor. Henry and Market Streets...	Sea & Land, Presbyterian..	" J. L. Hodge, D. D.
BROOKLYN, 8 President Street.....	Am. Sea. Friend Society... {	" E. Hopper, D. D.
BUFFALO.....	" E. O. Bates.
ALBANY, Montgomery Street.....	Methodist.....	" O. Helland.
BOSTON, cor. Salem & N. Bennet Sts.	Boston Sea. Friend Society	" P. G. Cook.
North Square.....	Boston Port Society.....	" John Miles.
Cor. Commercial and Lewis Sts..	Baptist Bethel Society....	" S. H. Hayes.
Richmond Street.....	Episcopal.....	" Geo. S. Noyes.
PORTLAND, ME., Fore st. n. Custom H	Portland Sea. Frn'd Soc'y..	" H. A. Cooke.
PROVIDENCE, R. I., 52 Wickenden St	Prov. Sea. Friend Society..	" J. P. Robinson.
NEWPORT, R. I., 51 Long Wharf...	Individual Effort.....	" F. Southworth.
NEW BEDFORD.....	New Bedford Port Society.	" J. W. Thomas.
PHILADELPHIA, c. Front & Union Sts.	Presbyterian.....	" O. H. Malcom, D.D.
Cor. Shippen and Penn Streets...	Methodist.....	" J. D. Butler.
Catharine Street.....	Episcopal.....	" Vincent Group.
Front Street, above Navy Yard...	Baptist.....	" William Major.
BALTIMORE, cor. Alice & Anna Sts..	Seamen's Un. Bethel Soc..	" W. B. Erben.
Cor. Light and Lee Streets.....	Baltimore, S. B.....	" Joseph Perry.
NORFOLK.....	{ American & Norfolk Sea. }	" Francis McCartney
.....	Friend Societies }	" R. R. Murphy.
WILMINGTON, N. C.....	Wilmington Port Society...	" E. N. Orsane.
CHARLESTON, Church, n. Water St..	Amer. Sea. Friend Soc'y...	" Jas. L. Kiene, Jr.
SAVANNAH.....	" " " "	" Wm. B. Yates.
MOBILE, Church Street, near Water.	" " " "	" Richard Webb.
NEW ORLEANS.....	" " " "	" L. H. Pease.

AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY,

80 Wall Street, New York.

ORGANIZED, MAY, 1828—INCORPORATED, APRIL, 1833.

RICHARD P. BUCK, Esq., *President.*
Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Cor. Sec'y & Treas.*

CAPT. NATH'L BRIGGS, *Vice President.*
L. P. HUBBARD, *Financial Agent.*

OBJECTS. 1.—To improve the social, moral and religious condition of seamen; to protect them from imposition and fraud; to prevent them from becoming a curse to each other and the world; to rescue them from sin and its consequences, and to save their souls. 2.—To sanctify commerce, an interest and a power in the earth, second only to religion itself, and make it everywhere serve as the handmaid of Christianity.

MEANS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT. 1.—The preaching of the Gospel by Missionaries and Chaplains, and the maintenance of Bethel Churches in the principal ports of this and foreign countries. In addition to its Chaplaincies in the United States, the Society has stations in CHINA, JAPAN, the SANDWICH ISLANDS, CHILI, BRAZIL, FRANCE, ITALY, BELGIUM, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, NEW BRUNSWICK, &c., and will establish others as its funds shall allow. Besides preaching the Gospel to seamen on ship-board and on shore, and to those who do business upon our inland waters, Chaplains visit the sick and dying, and as far as possible supply the place of parents and friends.

2.—The monthly publication of the *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* and *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, designed to collect and communicate information, and to enlist the sympathy and co-operation of Christians of every name, in securing the objects of the Society. The last of these publications, the *SEAMEN'S FRIEND*, is gratuitously furnished to Chaplains and Missionaries for distribution among seamen and others. The Society also publishes the *LIFE BOAT* for the use of Sabbath-schools.

3.—*LOAN LIBRARIES*, composed of carefully selected, instructive, and entertaining books, put up in cases containing between forty and fifty volumes each, for the use of ships' officers and crews, and placed as a general thing, in the care of converted sailors, who thus become for the time, effective missionaries among their shipmates. This plan of sea-missions contemplates much more than the placing of a Christian Library on ship-board, in that, (1) It places the library in the hands of an individual who takes it for the purpose of doing good with it, and who becomes morally responsible for the use made of it, (2) It places the library in the fore-castle—the sailors' own apartment. (3) It contemplates a connection between the missionary and the individual who furnishes the instrument with which he works. The donor of each library is informed, if he requests it, when and where it goes, and to whom it is entrusted; and whatever of interest is heard from it, is communicated. The whole number of libraries sent out by the Society, is 5,377 containing 220,000 volumes. Calculating frequent re-shipments, they have been accessible to probably 250,000 men. Over eight hundred hopeful conversions at sea have been reported as traceable to this instrumentality. A large proportion of these libraries have been provided by special contributions from Sabbath-schools, and are frequently heard from as doing good service. This work may be and should be greatly extended. More than 20,000 American vessels remain to be supplied.

4.—The establishment of *SAILORS' HOMES*, *READING ROOMS*, *SAVINGS' BANKS*, the distribution of *BIBLES*, *TRACTS*, &c.

The *SAILORS' HOME*, 190 Cherry St., New York, is the property and under the direction of the Society. It was opened in 1842, since which time it has accommodated over 86,000 boarders. This one institution has saved to seamen and their relatives, \$1,500,000. The moral and religious influence on the seamen sheltered there, can not be estimated. More or less shipwrecked seamen are constantly provided for at the Home. A Missionary of the Society is in daily attendance, and religious meetings are held on week day evenings. Similar institutions exist, in other cities, under the care of auxiliary Societies.

NOTE.—Twenty dollars contributed by any individual or Sabbath-school, will send a Library to sea, in the name of the donor. The *SAILORS' MAGAZINE* is, when asked for, sent gratuitously to Pastors, who take a yearly collection for the cause, and to Life-Members and Directors, upon an annual request for the same.